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*Mosque of Omar—Jerusalem.*

*Erected on Mount Moriah, where Solomon's Temple stood.*

This splendid building, occupies the site of the ancient temple erected by Solomon on "Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David his father in the place that David had prepared in the threshing floor of Ornan," or Araunah, "the Jebusite." (1 Kings, vi. with 2 Chron. iii. 1.) It was erected by the Caliph Omar, and by the Moslems is reputed to be next in sanctity to the temple at Mecca. When Jerusalem was taken by the crusaders, it was converted into a Christian church; and when they finally abandoned the city, the victorious Sultan Saladin caused the whole building to be washed with rosewater, by way of purification, before he would enter it.

The Mosque, which is the finest piece of Saracenic architecture in existence, is a regular octagon, each side being seventy feet in width; it is entered by four spacious doors facing the cardinal points, the Bab el Garb on the west, Bab nebbe Naoud, or Gate of David, on the east, Bab el Kebla, or the Gate of Prayer, on the south, and Bab el Djinna, or the Gate of Heaven, on the north; each of these entrances has a porch of timber-work, of considerable height, excepting Bab el Kebla, which has a fine portico, supported by eight Corinthian pillars of marble; the lower part of the walls is faced with marble, evidently very ancient; it is white, with a slight tinge of blue, and pieces wholly blue are occasionally introduced with good effect; each face is panelled, the sides of the panels forming plain pilasters at the angles; the upper part is faced with small glazed tiles, about eight inches square, of various colours, blue being the prevailing, with passages from the Koran on them, forming a singular and beautiful mosaic; the four plain sides have each seven well-proportioned windows of stained glass; the four sides of entrance have only six. The roof gently rises towards the perpendicular part under the dome, which is also covered with coloured tiles, arranged in various elegant devices. The dome is double; it was built by Solyman I. of a spherical form; is covered with lead, and crowned by a gilt crescent; the whole is ninety feet in height, and has a light and beautiful effect; the fanciful disposition of the soft colours above, contrasting with the blue and white marble below is extremely pleasing.

The interior is paved with grey marble; and the walls, which are quite plain, are covered with the same material, of a fine white colour. Twenty-four pillars of marble, of a brownish colour, form a concentric nave; the eight opposite the angles are square, without ornament; the other sixteen, being two to each face of the octagon, are round, well-proportioned, and about twenty feet in height, with capitals of a composite style, gilt; above is a plain plinth, and twenty-four small arches supporting the roof, which is wrought in compartments, and gilt in exquisite taste. A second circle of sixteen pillars, four squares and twelve round, based on an elevation in the floor, to which there is an ascent of four steps, and having capitals, a plinth, and arches, as before, supports the dome, the interior of which is finely painted and gilt in arabesque; from the centre are suspended several antique vessels of gold and silver, offerings of some pious Mahommedans. Immediately beneath the dome, surrounded by a high iron railing, gilt, with only one gate of entrance, is an immense mass of limestone, of an irregular form, probably part of the rock on which the Mosque stands; it is named El Hadjera el Sahhara Allah, the Locked-up Stone of God, and is used in the [illegible] veneration. The tradition respecting it is, that it fell from heaven when the spirit of prophecy commenced; that all the prophets to whom it was given prophesied from it; and that on this rock sat the angel of death, who, upon David's numbering of the people, slaughtered until God "commanded him to put up his sword again into the sheath thereof." (1 Chron. xxi. 7.) At the time the prophets fled from Jerusalem, the stone wished to accompany them, but was prevented by the angel Gabriel, who forcibly held it (the marks of his finger still remain) until the arrival of Mohammed, who, by his prayers, fixed it for ever to the spot. Mohammed, in the twelfth year of his mission, made his celebrated night journey from Mecca to Jerusalem on the Beast el Borak, accompanied by the angel Gabriel, as described in the 17th chapter of the Koran; and having paid his devotions, ascended from this stone to heaven; the rock, sensible of the happiness, became soft, and the print of the prophet's foot remains to this day, an object of great veneration to all true believers. Some years back a portion of the rock was stolen by the Christians; but no sooner had they got it out of the Mosque than it became invisible to them, and was afterwards discovered by the Mussulmans. The rock is enclosed by a low wooden railing, and covered by a canopy of green and red satin; immediately beneath it is a natural chamber, called the "Ennobled Cavern of God," an irregular square chamber eighteen feet each way, and eight in the highest part, above which is a hole through the rock, called the "Hole of Mahammed." Five small cavities around is inscribed as the places of Solomon, David, Abraham, Gabriel, and St. John. It also contains the Well of Souls, or entrance to the internal regions. This Mosque further contains the praying place and footstep of our Lord Jesus; the praying place, sword (fourteen feet long,) and standard of Ali, nephew of Mohammed; the scales for weighing the souls of men; the shield of Mohammed; the birds of Solomon; the pomegranates of David; and the saddle of El Borak; on a wooden desk, an original copy of the Koran, the leaves of which are four feet in length. In the outer circle there is a well, at which believers wash and drink; and near the western entrance is a slab of green marble, forming part of the floor, which has the marks of having been pierced by eighteen nails of silver; three of these and a portion of a fourth only remain, the others having at different times disappeared, in order to mark the completion of certain great epochs. The remainder are to follow; and when the last takes its departure, the fulness of time will be complete and the world end. It is also said that the nails were pulled out by the devil, in his attempts to enter paradise by this door.

This Mosque belongs especially to the principal and most respected Mussulman sect, that of the Hanifites (so called from Hanifah its founder,) and has been kept sacred from the approach of Christians until very recently. Here, and in the Mosque at Mecca, the Mussulman believes his prayers to be more acceptable to God than any where else. It is believed by the Moslems that all the prophets since the time of Adam, have come here to pray and prophesy; and that even now, they come in invisible troops, accompanied by angels, to pray on the Sakhara. The usual guard of this holy stone is 70,000 angels, who are relieved every day. One hundred and eighty lamps are lighted at night in this Mosque.

### THE BRIDE'S SONG.

'Twas a heavenly night,
'Neath the deep star-light,
As pensive I sate by the casement high;
I mused on a youth with a full dark eye,
But think not I cared for him too—
My love—my love—was it you?
Then a minstrel came,
And he breathed my name,
And he sang me a sweet and a plaintive song,
Of one I scorned, though he sought me long,
And never a word was true—
My love—my love—was it you?
But I dreamed me a dream,
'Neath the glad sunbeam,
I was plighted to one 'till Death should part;
And I gave that one my whole, whole heart,
And the gentle dream came true;
My love—my love—it was you!

*Knickerbocker.*

From the Portland Advertiser.

## Brooks' Letters.

A LITTLE OF EVERY THING.—No. LXIII.

On the Banks of the Po, Sept. 30, 1835.

Horror of horrors! Misery, thrice doubled misery! What exquisite pleasure there is in traveling! Here I am quarantined in one of the most miserable places on the earth. I cannot get enough to eat, and what I do get is so dirty that I can't eat it. I cannot sleep o' nights, and the beds and sheets are so filthy, that if I could the fleas would not let me. I am bitten all over from head to foot. All night I am engaged in fighting these invisible imps of Satan, and all day, I am inspecting the wounds they make. The mosquitoes of the Mississippi, the sand flies of Alabama, are well-bred gentlemen in comparison with these rascals here, who people the nooks and corners of every part of your dress. Oh Italy, sweet, beautiful Italy, the land of Poets and Painters and Sculptors! oh how I abhor the very sound of your name! My enthusiasm is all thrown overboard. I had rather be in the hut of a Creek Indian. Ovid and Lucan, ye lying Poets, why have ye sung thus falsely of this dirty, muddy Po! A classic stream this! this vile river too dirty even for the fish! Even Virgil has sung of the Po and Claudian and Pliny have written upon it, so that the name is in the mouth of every classic scholar from John O'Groat's house in Scotland to the tip end of Cape Horn in America, while they know nothing of those prettier but under named rivers, the Androscoggin and the Mattawamkeag of Maine, or the Coosa and Tallapoosa of Alabama. Poetry is—poetry all the world over. Poets wear spectacles richly colored, and see things in other lights than others of us do, else, why they made this muddy yellow Po, the golden Po?

I see over this dirty Po some Christian habitations.—There are there, I am told, good hotels. The people seem as if they were civilized. The town is tempting and pretty. But alas, I cannot even enter into this land of promise. If I were to attempt it, they would shoot me with as little ceremony as they would shoot a dog.—The land of promise is in my eyes, but I am but a Tantalus sighing for what I cannot get. The Po is the boundary line of the Austrian and Papal dominions, and into the latter I am again forbidden to enter till I have passed a four days' quarantine in this horrible place. I cannot write more than a line at a time without stopping, for a reason that I cannot tell. The fleas, the fleas, the horrible fleas! I rush in desperation among the boatmen on the banks of the Po, to speak a little Italian with them. But a cloud of fleas are ever surrounding them. I walk over the fields to seek a shade on the banks of the river, but every [illegible] follow the invisible fleas. The days have no end, the nights are eternity. I go to bed at seven and wake at two. Time is a burthen, a misery, and what a new notion it is, that the loss of an hour is the loss of so much of our existence, when that hour is to be in an existence tormented as ours. Oh the fleas! I am devoured by the fleas! Happy American is he who has no curiosity to see the glories of Italy; for whether the mosquitoes suck his blood upon the coasts of the lower Mississippi, or he congeals upon the banks of the St. John, he is happier than he would be here in the month of September, quarantined in a village not even worth a name—Santa Maria Magdalena, though they call it,—and doubly, very doubtful, whether it is possible for him to enter further into Italy, as the cholera is raging in parts of Tuscany, and the Pope and his Cardinals are quarantining in a most rigid manner on every side. That such an American at home, may be happier wherever he is, I have given him a sentence or two upon the pleasures of travelling. Never, never travel for pleasure. There is no happiness like that one enjoys in his own chimney corner, whether it be on the ottoman of the luxuriant parlor, or the [illegible] of a New-England kitchen.

I left Padua at noon in a Vetturino with my travelling companion for Ferrara, a good day's journey. I think I gave him twenty swanzigers, (about $3.50) to take me in one half of his Vetturino, a dinner, and bed and lodging included which you can see makes travelling cheap enough here, inasmuch as the dinner, bed and lodging would of themselves cost us that. The Vetturinos find all if you choose, and as they get them for one fourth the sum it costs a stranger, it is always better to bargain thus. One half of the Vetturino, our driver inserted in his written agreement, but we had a most interesting quarrel, with gestures and vocal thunder enough to shake an American house down, about what constituted the half of the Vetturino. My friend and myself divided it so as to take the two back seats to ourselves, where we are comfortably seated, when he thrust another traveller, an Italian upon us, and began to demonstrate that one half of a Vetturino was a Vetturino divided lengthwise, so as to give us one fore and one back seat. I must confess his logic was irresistible. He had the right of the argument, though, of course, we argued with all the power of a newly acquired foreign tongue, that a lateral division was as just as the longitudinal division that he wished to make. He, however, had inserted in the written agreement this one half in order to deceive us, and as we had the money as yet in our own hands, and him therefore in our power we came to the resolution to do as we pleased. A storm of wrath then burst from him, and our only reply was one of our loudest laughs. There was not an Italian oath that he did not sound from the humblest of the Saints up to the very Sangue di Gesu Christo (the blood of Jesus Christ) the horrible apex of an Italian oath. But as the climax did not move us, he changed his tone in an instant into the most musical invocations to our hearts, which having somewhat cooled us in effect, we told the Italian traveler to enter, and we would do what was right, when, after making him go through the form of getting on the forward seat, we cheerfully exchanged. Such lessons as these are necessary for such men. There is no peace with them unless you insist upon having all things as you choose whether you are right or wrong—and, above all, be indifferent to their threats, for they are the greatest cowards in the universe. We fared a hundred per cent. better during the day, in consequence of our morning fight.

Our road to Ferrara was along the rich plain of which I have spoken in a former letter. On our right was the Euganean hills, beautiful retreats, beautifully cultivated from the heart of the neighboring plain. The whole of the broad plain, and the wide extent of the hills, we saw from the summit of Monselice, the Mons Silices of the Latins. I did not remember, till evening, when I found in a Hotel at Rovigo an Englishman reading the pilgrimage of Byron's Childe Harold, that the tomb of Petrarch, Laura's lover was in the bosom of these hills, not very far from the road which I had been travelling. Arqua was the country seat of Petrarch, and Padua, perhaps, may be called his home. He died at Arqua, and the chair in which he died is still [illegible] among the relics of the day. Byron, whose Childe Harold—a poetry though it is—is, after all, one of the best books of travel for the present day, says of this,—

"They keep his dust in Arqua where he died,
The mountain village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride,
An honest pride—and let it be their praise
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre: both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid had formed his monumental fane."

Among the many things which the traveller will mark upon this road, (near Monselice say,) perhaps the beauty of the women will most strike his attention, particularly if he sees them when neatly dressed in the costume of the country, a simple white veil thrown over their heads, and falling upon their necks. Even the common peasantry were among the most beautiful women my eyes ever beheld in any land. For, no, even that is difficult—their figures I was going to say, might be seen in some saloons where Art has been touching Beauty to perfection, her charms, but such expressions of the countenance, such beauty thus most adorned when unadorned at all, is almost impossible to find in any other clime. No wonder, then, that Raphael has painted such divine Madonnas, if to the simple nature of such models as these before his eyes, he could add the beautiful fancies of his own lofty genius. No wonder too, that Titian and others painted so beautifully, when thus inspired by some of the finest works of nature, or that such statues are found in Italy, where ideal beauty could find an embodiment of its high conceptions, even of the Venuses of the gods, among the simple peasantry of the Euganean hills.

"With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abashed away
* * * * * * *
Yet filled with all Youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds, with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this."

We passed the night at Rovigo, having passed the Adige river in a *pont volant*, or flying bridge, somewhat like those I described on the Rhine, and which I then said, it seemed to me, would answer an excellent purpose in many parts of our country, where the current of the river is strong, and a bridge cannot be built. From Rovigo we set off in our Vetturino long before day, and soon, after taking breakfast at one of the numerous cafes upon the road, we found ourselves upon the Po, the far-famed river Po, the boundary of the Austrian dominions in Italy, and of the Papal States of the North. Our passports were examined by the Austrian Police, and we were permitted to pass over the river. When we arrived there, we were met by the *gens d'armes* of the Pope, and escorted to the Custom House on the banks of the river with as much formality as so many prisoners would be led to the gallows. Our baggage was given a most scrutinizing examination. The few letters of introduction I had taken with me were felt over and over again, for being written in French, the Dogana of the Italian Custom House was but a precious little wiser for their contents, not one of them speaking or even reading French. The English books again excited suspicion. What treason might be lurking in such mischievous little things they could not for the life of them tell. During the over scrutinizing prying that these Dogana-men were making into the more ponderous baggage of my companion, upsetting every thing as they did, and turning and twisting what he had in every manner, he became excited and angry with the impertinence, and, with his hands in his pockets, and his hat on his head commenced a whistling of Yankee-Doodle, so as to pay impudence with impudence, as much as was in his power. As for my own self, I stood with my hat under my arm, before this august personage, who seemed, in fact, overwhelmed by the dignities of his high office, that is, the duty of thrusting his fingers into dirty linen; and when it was necessary to bow, I bowed with all the grace I could summon, and even an Italian actress could not have said "yes, sir," "*signore*," to his numerous questions, with a more amiable, or affable tone, though I could with a good heart have pitched him into his muddy Po. But the more he upset the things in my companion's wardrobe, the louder he whistled Yankee-Doodle, and the louder he whistled the more he upset the things. Evidently Yankee-Doodle was winning the day, for after every thing was topsy-turvy, Yankee-Doodle had nothing to hae and every thing to gie. The man of the Dogana commenced a terrible sputtering in Italian. My companion, who is a good French scholar, requested him to speak in French. "I don't speak French, I speak Italian only—[illegible]," he [illegible], and shaking his head in a whirlwind of wrath. What, with our ear but badly trained to the ever-changing pronunciation of the Italian in different parts of Italy, [I] discerned that he was lecturing my companion about his hat and his music, thus impudently displayed before the vicegerent of God's vicegerent on earth, or, in other words the man who fingers the dirty linen for the Pope's Custom House. A truce was concluded by my intervention. My companion consented to take off his hat, after remarking that the man of the Dogana had not started his. The music was lowered, and finally stopped when the baggage was done with. I said to my companion, "we have got to suffer for this." An Italian always punishes, if he can, with ingenuity. In but a few minutes I saw that my foreboding was right. The offended dignitary had had influence enough to procure an order to march us back over the Po, there to rest for four days in the vile village of which I have spoken, under the pretence that we had not fulfilled the quarantine in the States of Lombardy! He scrawled our passports all over with the orders prescribed, and thus prevented us from trying at some other pass. My companion sat down on his trunk, and whistling Yankee-Doodle again, swore he would not go. He proposed to take the village, and the man of the Dogana as a prisoner, and march with him on to Rome to know if he had been doing right. The *gens d'armes*, however, and a soldier or two, gathered around us, and rapidly quickened our movements. They showed us the way civilly over their muddy Po. I felt the strong arm of power, and saw that there was no resisting or dodging it, and that, therefore, submission with a good grace was the better part of valor. We hired then an Italian cart with a horse that had the breath of life in him but none to spare—with which we [illegible] his boxes and hat on his side, and with him [illegible], we came to the Santa Maria Magdalena, and halted at this inn, the populousness of which in fleas I have already described. *Moral*—Never whistle or keep your hat on in a Custom House on the Continent.

Our difficulties did not end here. A foreigner is not permitted in Austro Italia, without the permission of the Police—and in order to obtain this permission, we were sent further up the Po, some five or six miles to the Police Office of Occhio Bello—I think it is—the head man of which reprinted on our passports again the Austrian seal, with leave to reside four days within the presence of his boundary. Thus fortified—and pleased even with the courtesy of this latter officer of the Police, who had taken pity on the condition of two foreigners thus immured in the prison of a quarantine, we returned to our companions the fleas, to live on maccaroni and soup bread, grapes and wine, and to count the minutes of every hour of the long four days. I went to work studying my Italian with the more vigor in the vineyards, and under the shade of the trees on the Po. I write when their majesties the fleas have the condescension to permit, which is only at intervals when their appetites are glutted.

Feeling the want of words bitterly, as I have for the three months past, but above all now at the present moment, to express ideas and of a knowledge of them when expressed by others too, I must take this opportunity to make some remarks which may be useful to others. I can read, and have been able for some time to read Italian very well; but when I entered Italy this profited me little or nothing. The pronunciation was other than that to which my ear had been accustomed. The same I may say of the French; and yet all the French I had ever learned, was not worth a groat, when I was forced to make a practical use of it. I find, even now, the French of an Englishman, a German, or an Italian, is almost as easy to be understood as my own language, because, generally speaking, they have not the quick clipping accent of the French themselves, but to this day a French man, when speaking his native tongue, uses a language that only with pain I can apprehend. The inference I draw from this is, that a language taught by any other than a native of the country where it is spoken, is not, to be sure, a waste of time, but time misappropriated, when a native instructor can be procured. The Colleges of the United States ought then to make every effort to procure teachers from the very country the language of which they wish to teach. To pay others for such a purpose, is a misuse of funds. Unless their Professors imbibe the language they teach from their infancy, even with their mothers' milk, they cannot exchange the accent of their native tongue, unless miraculously blessed with happy organs, for the accent of any other. It is so easy then, with a little effort, to procure foreign instructors, that they ought always to be procured by all the seminaries of learning. Many a young German would come to the United States for 300 dollars a year, or even less. I have heard them say so, often. An Italian would hardly think of pushing a demand as high as that. Frenchmen, hundreds of them in Paris, would come over for a little remuneration, with a sufficiency of leisure time for other pursuits. Perhaps such salaries a man could not be kept long, though a German would consider himself amply compensated in having his expenses paid and a knowledge of the English language added to his treasures. The eyes of all the young men of the world, except the sons of noble families, who have a father's title and a father's gold as their bequest, are fixed upon America. They look upon it as a land of promise, rich in stores for them, and their greatest hesitation to making a movement there, is ignorance of the language [illegible] to begin to live. These are the men to teach us and our children the language they speak themselves.

The bitter want of words, and of comprehension of those of all, which I have so keenly felt ever since I have been on the Continent, had forced me [illegible] from what they were, as to classic studies. A child as I was in Germany, deaf as the dead—with my ears but half opened when French is spoken, and but half opened here, I feel no keen necessity for Greek and Latin, but every day makes me mourn that I cannot fluently speak German, French and Italian—languages not of the dead, but of the living, the breathing, the talking spirits of the present day. But I will not undervalue the classic learning. I should have but a stupid pleasure in travelling in a land so classic as this, if a classic had never been in my hand. Every picture gallery I enter, almost every statue I see, every noble specimen of architecture, makes the classics necessary. Even the Italian language itself is but a trifle to acquire when one is ready with his classic Latin. The Latin too will find you some conversable companions in every nook and corner of the earth. This very day, I have found a Roman priest speaking it fluently, who knew nothing else but his native tongue. And then it is the basis, not only of our own, but of most of the civilized languages of the world—and without it one cannot understand much either of the sciences or of the literature of mankind. The good of it, however, is an invisible good, compared with the immediate and pressing necessity we often feel of understanding and speaking a foreign language. French is necessary as the current coin of the polite and the business world, to say nothing of its literature. Without a knowledge of it, it is difficult, almost even, to travel in Europe. The deaf and the dumb can hear as well, and speak as well on the Continent as the man who knows only the English language. Added to the necessity then, there is an absolute dishonor in not speaking it. Ignorance of it is a mark of a vulgar education here. To know French is no honor, as to spell correctly is no credit; but not to know, is the reverse, as is bad orthography or bad English. The German too has now become almost indispensably necessary from the millions of men whose native tongue it is, and from the rich literature which it now has. Italian it is pleasant to know, and the acquisition of it is easy, not to be compared in difficulty with the French—pleasant I say, for it is the language of the civilization of the middle age, the tongue of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Alfieri of the Poets, and of Machiavel and the like among the writers of its prose—and what is as much, it is the chosen tongue of the music and the arts of the present day. But besides all these, even before the last, if not the two last, our situation on the globe renders another tongue necessary to us, which is but partially necessary to the young men of England and Germany. Cuba is an island intimately connected with our trade, and Spanish is the language of its inhabitants. Mexico is Spanish and Mexico is on our borders. Indeed, immense portions of the American world with the exception of the spot that we and the Indians inhabit, speak the Spanish tongue. Our young men who look for political rewards in embassies in such lands, should know the Spanish tongue. Every day these States are growing more important to our trade, and every day a necessity for knowing their language is enforced. Fortunate then it is, that the stumbling blocks for the acquisition and pronunciation of that language are but few in comparison with those that are presented to learning and pronouncing French or German, or many other tongues.

I often stagger with affright in witnessing as I do every day in Europe, the almost imperious necessity of acquisitions which it seems beyond the bounds of human life to attain. Happy Cicero, who needed a knowledge of the Greek enough in the study of languages! Happy Romans, who knew only one people that could instruct them in language, in science, and in arts! The English language has been made the language of millions by the colonial enterprise of England in the three great quarters of the world. To say nothing of that overshadowing empire the seeds of which she planted in our land, she is rearing yet others in the Indies and in New-Holland too, that in their day may be as mighty as ours. But how powerless is that man—how limited his range of acquisition—how feeble here where I am, or elsewhere upon the continent of Europe—who knows only even this wide-spread English!—He is but a child, an infant, ashamed of himself—a grown up boy at school, learning to read in the classes of suckling babes! The very children give me lessons here—I study them upon the grass. The poorest waterman on yonder Po can be my teacher in a thousand things.

B.

THINGS IN FERRARA AND BOLOGNA.—No. LXIV.

Bologna, Oct. 2, 1835.

"Bologna sausage," were the embodiment of my idea of Bologna, before I looked into its streets and its history—but as I do not find all the people living on sausages as I expected, I am again led to amuse myself with the reflection of—how different almost always is the reality of a city or a place from the *phantasy* I have previously formed of it from imperfect reading or imperfect observation! For example, in Dublin I expected to find Irishmen and Irishwomen such as we see them in America, but the men were amongst the most accomplished of the men of the British empire, and the women among the fairest and most beautiful. They did not at all resemble the American hordes by which I had judged the Irish people. Again, I do not know how it is or from what prejudice I have hitherto located the chief talents of a Frenchman in his legs, and in his capacity for curling the hair, making the nation one of dancers and barbers, considering of all others, of which there are as many cases, as exceptions from the general rule, when the truth turns out to be, that barbers are not half so numerous in France as in America, and dancing masters not more common in proportion to the population. But Bologna has much more in it than its sausages,—and of that more I will speak anon, as I regularly bring up my Journal from the banks of the muddy Po.

I got over the Po at last,—but the *fleas* followed me, confound them, and they thicken the further you advance into Italy this season of the year. The keys of St. Peter were put upon my passport at last. The men of the Dogana let me pass in peace. My ill luck is forgotten, and now I am in motion. I am in better humor though the cholera has shut me out from Florence and from Tuscany for the present, and driven me, I am sure I cannot tell where, but all along the shores of the Adriatic, far down by the base of Apennines. No matter where I go, however, if there is no stop put to the going, for the cholera is endurable, but an Italian quarantine is the most afflicting of all inventions. I got over the Po then, and I have said did a little ride of three or four miles brought me to Ferrara. Even here stood as sentinels at the gates, the white coated troops of Austria—here, even in the Dominions of the Church. The Po, I thought, was the boundary of the mighty Austrian empire,—the Count on the Danube I fancied would be content with the line of the Po; but Austrian eagles have crossed every land, and hold the garrison to Ferrara. I demanded of a Roman priest with whom I was riding, what this meant; but the only answer he gave me was a wise look and a French shrug of the shoulders, conveying the hint that he had nothing to do with the *bodies* of men, their *souls* being his only concern. I entered the gate of Ferrara, but I found the city to be mighty only in its dissolution. Fields are within the far extended walls. The very grass was growing in the streets. There seemed to be a city in the distance, but it was far from being the city, the home of Ariosto that he so apostrophizes, and eulogizes, and vaunts of as the boast of all Italia. But Ferrara had an interest for me more absorbing than that of an appetite for beauty. It is one of those places that genius has made historical. Even the present sadness of its streets comports with its history. The city where was the dungeon of Tasso could it flourish? The castle where the tyrant Alfonso dwelt—could it be else than sad and gloomy? The place where the wild fancies of an Ariosto had their birth—should it look like the land of the living, and be sprightly and gay?

As in prose Robinson Crusoe is commonly the first book that is given to a boy to teach him to love to read, so Ariosto's Orlando Furioso is often given for a like reason to teach him a love for poetry or rhyme. I had my lesson in my day—and as the curious inventions of both make an impression upon all young minds amounting to a belief, so did I religiously believe the truth of what I read in the Orlando, and even to this day I cannot quite realize that it is fiction. But after I had seen from a wider and larger observation of the world that there were no such beings as Ariosto describes, I set my fancy to work to draw a picture of the land and the home where the writer of such fictions dwelt. The solemn air of Ferrara, its long and spacious streets so silent and solitary, answer partly for my picture. The half barbarous structure, Gothic and Saracen, of the Ducal Castello, full of towers and dungeons, with a moat all around,—full of stagnant and green water, seemed a fit place for such wild conceptions. Here was acted the dreadful tragedy that Byron describes in his poem of Parisina. Here were the halls in which the gloomy spirit of Calvin found a refuge, and here too were the dungeons in which his followers perished. Tasso was sent from thence to a mad house, and Ariosto himself was deserted there, amid the splendors of the court. The sumptuous domes overhead seemed to be the courts of pleasure, and the frightful dungeons underneath, the very precincts of the damned. The graces might dwell on high, and the demons underneath. The plain over which the eye could range looked like the fair abode of man, but the mass of building cut off from the plain by the moat deep with water, showed that the tenants there had no sympathies with men elsewhere. As are the Alpine hills then, the home and the nursery of wild romance and song, so is even this little Alp of brick and mortar upon an Italian plain. Crowd it with the knights of the middle ages, people it with the "lady loves" of an Italian clime, adorn it with the luxurious pomp and wealth that Italy has even now, and doubly had in bygone times, and you may here inflame a cooler mind than that of Ariosto.

A host of ragged, amusing fellows beset us the moment we sallied forth from our hotel, offering us all manner of service no matter what might be demanded, and having no idea of the meaning of the word "no." Cicerone, valet, domestic, vetturino—each and all they were at our service. Wherever we went they went too, and the colder we looked, the louder they looked. A stray traveller is in fact for them a God send, like a wreck upon the Jersey coast, where they will plunder and plunder well, under the [illegible] as keen as a Yankee pedlar. We enlisted the whole cavalcade at last. Our retinue was as large as that of a little Prince, the difference only being the our livery men were in rags, with a white under ground; or in other words, while a Prince's livery men may be clothed in white broad cloths and red trimmings. Be this as it may, we had our sport with them. Quite a commotion we made in the lonely streets of Ferrara. They took us into many churches, and bowed us in, and bowed us out, lifting the curtains at the door here, pointing out the fine paintings there—even beggars have an enthusiasm for paintings in Italy—dodging before this altar, and kneeling before that cross, now using the holy water, now responding to the priests; but as our retinue interested me more than the churches, I can recall little or nothing that I saw. They took us to the Library or to the Lyceum, and consigned us to the care of its custodiani. There we saw many books, and some richly colored copies, made by monks, of the Psalms; but all this vanishes from the mind before the ink stand and the worm eaten chair of Ariosto. Plunderers have picked with the worms, so many little *morceaux* of this chair that the custodiani watched us well when looking at it. If we had been ever so much disposed to steal our *morceaux* the attempt would have been vain. The mausoleum of Ariosto in white marble, is also seen in this library. The sacred ashes of this poet were transferred in 1801, during the existence of the short-lived Italian republic, under the auspices of the French, from the Convent of the Benedictines to the Hall of the Library. A [illegible] deed it is for a [illegible] monuments of the mighty dead [illegible] are in one sense in all the libraries in the world. The mausoleum is but a feeble tribute in comparison with his own Orlando, but it is the highest man can pay, the most stimulating perhaps, and here it stands in the Museum of the Library, the theatre of his glory. We saw also here the original manuscripts of the Orlando and the Jerusalem, with autograph letters both of Ariosto and Tasso. The bust of Ariosto is in his own tomb. A portrait of him is seen in the vestibule on a painting of Benedetto his friend, where in a paradise he is represented as between St. Catherine and St. Sebastian—thus because Ariosto had said—"Put me in your paradise because I cannot so easily get into any other."

From the library, we went to the cell where Tasso was sent by the tyrant Duke of Ferrara, under the pretence that he was a madman. The dimensions of this cell are about nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high. No man has ever yet been able to tell what was the motive of the tyrant in thus incarcerating the immortal poet, though many in times have been assigned. A hospital the building now is. The door we entered, after descending a little flight of steps, led us into the large chamber, where upon rows of little beds were lying the unhappy victims of disease, suffering under different degrees of pain. I found the keeper there, and treated with him as soon as possible from this receptacle of misery. He took a flambeau into his hand, and after conducting us through some narrow passages, led us into a little yard high walled and dark, where, after opening the double doors, once ponderous, but now worm eaten and shattered, he showed us the cell of Tasso. But a single grated window let in a doubtful light—and here in this damp, dismal, and slimy cell, was a spirit like Tasso's confined, and condemned to the most horrible of miseries for seven years and two months! I read the numerous inscriptions all over the walls. The greatest names of the world almost, have there left the records of their visit. The keeper showed that of Byron, and that of my own countryman Cooper too, and I felt not a little pride in the manner in which he linked them together. For though Cooper is not a Byron, and has written more useless lumber than almost any of the distinguished American writers of the day yet, *we judge*, no one has written or can write hundreds of things so well as he has written them. The name was pointed out to me by the keeper, not as to an American, for he knew not that I was one, but as a name considered in his estimation as worthy of a place after Byron's, and as well worth showing among the lion visitors of the present and by-gone time. I begged a morsel of brick as a remembrance of my visit, and mine, I readily saw from the numerous holes that had been made all over the wall, was far, very far from being the first piece that had been taken away—probably to carry to the various ends of the earth.

A visit like this to the cell in which a sovereign confined such a man as Tasso for so many years, is not uninstructive, apart from the feelings it awakens in showing how terribly just is the award of posterity upon high-handed acts of power, and even upon all bad actions. The name of the House of Este of Ferrara would hardly be known at all over the civilized world, or at least known only in the misty chronicles of its own race, if by one outrageous act of oppression he had not damned his name to eternal infamy, and made, as Byron has insinuated, the glory of his reign, his everlasting shame. Not a man ever visits the cell of the mighty bard, who does not in his heart curse the memory of the tyrant that sent him there. An immortality he never could have otherwise had, he has thus acquired for himself; but by it, his character is for ever stamped with the deepest colors of infamy—a plague spot on his history, and he is remembered just as the pestilence is, for the mischief and havoc it spreads. And in witnessing the pride of all classes here—that Ariosto and Tasso were of their city, I could not but recall the difference between the tributes they, the living, paid to genius, and those paid by their fathers, the dead. Ariosto and Tasso when living, were neglected and almost forgotten men, but now when dead, what offerings they have! How thick their crowd of votaries! With what exultation the Ferrarese show the house of the one, and with what sad regret the cell of the other! But this neglect of living intellect, this transfer of its honors to the future, this sorrow and exultation years after death is not the fate of genius in Italy alone. It is its history all over the world, and in all of its ages and eras.

Ferrara is not a city to detain the traveller long. Its air is now unhealthy, its water unfit to drink, and its population not remarkably inviting. The traces of grandeur are alone upon its streets. It is a city of the past, not the present. It serves as a vestibule for that magnificent history and that magnificent past, that awaits the traveller as he is entering Italy with his foot towards the fallen Forum and the falling Coliseum. A half a day was full enough to see all that I have described, and though past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, my companion and myself resolved to set off for Bologna in a little gig, with a little ragged driver, upon one as they tell me here, of the most dangerous roads in Italy—"full of robbers and thieves," they say it is, and so very dangerous that the inhabitants of Ferrara and Bologna, or the Vetturino never pass it in the night. However I saw nothing, though the route near Bologna between nine and ten o'clock, did seem a little suspicious. Not a carriage did we meet after dark, hardly a light could we mark in the houses on the road, till about ten o'clock we reached the walls of Bologna, and on giving a little fee were admitted into the gate. The country through which we passed was flat, and seemed to be rich, and abundantly productive. The road almost all the way paved with stones, as are the streets of Boston or New York. At a place called Malalbergo, we stopped a while to feed our horses, and here as keeper of the inn, we found an old soldier of Napoleon's, who had followed him in his disastrous campaign to Moscow.

Arrived at Bologna, it being late, we stopped at a hotel, and entering, as is now our constant custom, we demanded the price of the lodgings. The price demanded was a scudo each, a piece of money just the value of our dollar—the Roman currency is the same as ours only with different names for the pieces of silver and gold. Not a word was said in reply. We ordered our baggage down again. The Landlord asked what we would give. Not a word did we answer. He followed after us, begging for an offer, but finding we had gone to make fell down in his price to three Pauls each, just thirty cents of our money, when seeing that this was only about five cents more than the just price, we ordered the baggage up stairs again. Into the room he came soon after with our large wax candles, which we politely told him to take out again—for the bill next morning for them as we did not choose to bargain for candles would have been in all probability only a dollar or more. Common candles soon replaced his candles of wax,—and we went on calmly then. The next morning by seven o'clock, there was a tap at my door, and a valet de place entered, apologizing and bowing, but offering for little or nothing in broken English, but tolerable French, to act as our Cicerone of the place. We bade him good morning, and told him we would see to that when we were awake. But no sooner was I in bed again, than there was another tap. "Come in," I cried, and as the door opened and one fellow entered, I marked a whole string of others, forming a line to take turns to enter, among whom was one making all sorts of contortions in the form of winks, giving me a hint, as I afterwards translated it, not to make a bargain with the first till I had a talk with him. "I am a Vetturino man," said the first. "I will take you to Florence with excellent horses, and very cheap." "But there is cholera in Tuscany,—my good friend," I said, "and a quarantine when you want to get out again into the Roman States." "O, no," he said, and he swore to his veracity by all the heads of the saints. But I found out that he himself was from Florence, and if he could get travellers to carry there, he cared not how many lies he told to get them. I discussed matters with the whole train, but sent them away without making a bargain that time, for such a lying, cheating set of knaves were they, that they would swear black was white to get you on the route where they belonged, and so many prices did they have, that there was no divining what was the just one. Our landlord soon entered, and he told us the price of his breakfast without a demand. I left this as a compliment to our sagacity as travellers in Italy, as it seemed he had given up the idea of fleecing us as the Italians do the English-speaking people in general. A bargain was next struck with our valet, who was to show us the city. We sallied forth with him for the *Academia delle belle arti*. We finished the quarrel by letting the valet know, deeply to his confusion, what he had been at, a thing that as we now understood him, there would be no further trouble, he apologizing that it was the way *he got his living*, seeming only to be sorry that he was found out. A Vetturino man, we soon learnt, had bribed him to sell us to his carriage, and sure he worked hard enough, but we found one who is to take us on our journey for half the price. I have written this paragraph for two purposes,—first, to show how such business is done in Bologna, and the second to put the traveller on his guard. Even a little knowledge of Italian will save a man dollars and dollars.

B.

## ON AGRICULTURE.

Extracted from an address, of the late Judge Tilghman, delivered before the Agricultural Society, of Pennsylvania.

May I be permitted, to declare my conviction, that amidst the profusion of Societies with which the present age abounds, there is none more useful, or more dignified, than that for the *promotion of Agriculture*. Indeed, in point of *utility*, I might justly say that it *precedes* all others. Because, even if mankind could exist without Agriculture, yet they could exist only in a savage state, and in small numbers. The great command "*increase and multiply*," could not be obeyed. There could be nothing worthy the name of art, or science, or literature. When I cast my eye on the map of Pennsylvania, and view the vast quantity of excellent land, in the rude state in which nature found it, I am struck with astonishment at the multitudes which throng our cities, struggling with hunger, cold, and disease. Nor is my wonder confined to the lower orders of society. For I see many of liberal education, and with the means of acquiring a competency in the country, wasting their lives in disgraceful idleness, or fruitless efforts to force their way through the crowds which block up every avenue to profit or preferment. The flood of commerce which set upon our shores during five and twenty years of war and disorder in Europe, has given to our cities a premature growth. In every branch of trade and commerce there are too many competitors. Laborers are too numerous. Every mechanic art, every liberal profession is overdone. Happy would it be for the city, and happy for the country, if any efforts of this Society could inspire a respect, and a taste, for an *art* in which no man need be ashamed to employ his faculties; for a *condition*, which after all, seems most congenial to the nature of man. It is a life, to which at one time or other, we all aspire. For who is there, that amidst the eager pursuits of wealth or ambition, does not sometimes pause, and console himself with the fond, though often fallacious hope, of passing his latter days in the independence, the ease, the plenty, the safety, and innocence of the country! In Pennsylvania, young men of education would have peculiar advantages in spreading themselves through the country, for it is a fact (and we see every day feeling the effects of it) that in no state in the union, is education so much confined to towns. There are many inhabitants of this city, who hold extensive tracts of land, which neither they nor their children have ever seen. This is a bad state of things. For, through ignorance of the quality, the situation, and value of [illegible] speculators, and sometimes, erring on [illegible] extreme, they conceive extravagant notions, and refuse to sell at a fair price. Hence Agriculture suffers—either the lands remain a desert, or they are occupied by poor intruders, who knowing the instability of their title, are afraid to attempt any valuable improvement.

A very respectable gentleman, a member of the Society of Friends, informs me, that about the year 1764, he attended a meeting in Chester county, near the borders of Maryland, and that most of his society in that neighbourhood, were clothed *completely* and *handsomely* in a dress of their own manufacture. Were he to visit that meeting now, I doubt whether he would see his friends in the same kind of apparel. Yet meritorious examples are not wanting, even now, and I hope I shall be excused for mentioning one lately communicated to me. In the western part of Pennsylvania, on this side of the Allegheny river, lives a man, who, ten or twelve years ago, seated himself on a tract of land, to which he had no title, in the humble character of a *squatter*.* This man has converted a wilderness into a fine farm; and, with the assistance of an industrious wife, brought up a large family of children. He raises on his farm, all the materials for clothing the family; and whatever they wear, of linen or woollen texture, excellent in their kinds, is spun, woven, and manufactured in the house. They also make their own sugar, from the maple; and their own leather; and *purchase* (or rather *barter* for) nothing but iron, and salt. Their farming utensils are chiefly home-made.—But what is more commendable than all (and perhaps the cause of all) *very little whiskey or ardent spirits, is drunk* by any of them. To finish the picture, I have to add, that the proprietor of the land, with views, no less *politic* than *liberal*, has confirmed these good people, in their title, on moderate terms—so that this little story contains a moral, from which, both *settlers*, and *proprietors*, may profit.

It is in our own power, to increase the value of our lands by an improved state of Agriculture. Much has been done, but much more remains to be done. Though not at the bottom of the hill, we have not yet ascended half its height. It may be encouraging however to stop for a moment, and take a glance at the progress we have made. *Before the war of the revolution*, little of science was blended with the art of agriculture—things had gone on in their natural course. The counties first settled, now known by the names of Philadelphia, Delaware, Chester, Montgomery and Bucks, though not rich (except the meadows) were sufficient to yield good crops at first, and tolerable ones for a number of years. But the soil near the surface composed of vegetable substances accumulated during the lapse of ages, became at length exhausted by repeated tillage without refreshment. Red clover was introduced before the war, but it was produced in small quantities, and almost solely for the purpose of hay. The system of melioration by a rotation of crops, in which grass took its turn, was not understood. Natural meadow was in great demand, and not much hay being produced on the uplands, it was impossible to support during winter, a stock sufficiently large to amass a great quantity of manure. Consequently the crops of grain, and particularly of wheat were much diminished. Indeed, the *wheat* crops were trifling. Gypsum had been imported, in small quantities before the revolution; but it was very little used, and very little talked of; and that little not to its credit, for an old proverb, said to have come from Germany, was brought up against it, "*that gypsum made rich fathers but poor sons.*" Notwithstanding this prejudice, it was brought into general use, some years after the war, by the persevering efforts of a few, *and principally of the President of this Society*, to whom future generations will render thanks for this important service. Through the efficacy of this fossil, the face of the country experienced a magic change. The uplands were clothed with rich herbage, to which succeeded plenteous crops of grain. I have not been able to trace with certainty, the progress of the cultivation of clover aided by gypsum, but I believe, that Philadelphia was the centre, from which it spread in all directions. In Chester county, so great were the effects, that (as I heard it proved in the trial of a cause at West Chester,) the price of lands was doubled in a few years. Nor is there any reason to suppose that it was less beneficial in other places.

We may render ourselves useful, by collecting and diffusing the information contained in books recently published in Europe and America. In Europe the principal nobility and gentry are paying due honours to Agriculture. Chemistry has been called to her aid, from which important discoveries must result. Earths, minerals, and manures of all kinds are analysed. Philosophy is in the right path. Facts are first ascertained, and then accounted for. The increased power of magnifying glasses, lays open the hidden parts of plants, and minute animals. Hence may be discovered the *causes* and consequently the *cure*, of many disorders by which plants are infested. Already it is asserted, (I vouch not for the truth of it) that the disease in wheat called the *smut*, is no other than a parasitic plant, which adhering to the seed-wheat, grows with it, and may be destroyed by proper applications, before the seed is sown. Perhaps some fortunate observer may let us into the nature of that scourge of Agriculture, known by the name of the Hessian fly, so that we may get rid of it, as we did of the weevel fly, some forty years ago. Such a man would deserve a statue of gold, and I think the farmers would gladly erect it.

Pennsylvania has been accused of want of attention to gardening, and I am afraid she must plead guilty to the charge. A good kitchen garden contributes much to the health, and even the elegance of life; the saving of meat makes it a source of economy, and the neatness which is necessary to keep it in order, may have an effect on the *manners* of the family. The females might execute a good deal of the work, and for their sake it should be interspersed with flowers. I believe my feelings are not at all singular, and I declare that I am struck with a sensation of pleasure, at the sight of a flourishing, well inclosed garden. May I be allowed to add that I have the same feelings, at the sight of a neat inclosure in front of the dwelling house, separating it from the highway. With surprise and regret, I perceive this often neglected, by wealthy and liberal farmers, merely because they have been in the habit of living without it. Such things might be remedied at a very trifling expense, but they are of no trifling consequence. They have an influence on manners.

On the subject of education, I will state, that when the benevolent intention of the constitution of Pennsylvania, shall be carried into effect, by "*the establishment of schools throughout the state, in such manner, that the poor may be taught gratis*." Agriculture will reap her full share of the benefit. Reading, writing, and common arithmetic, if not essential, are very serviceable to the farmer. And even the labourer will derive incalculable advantage from the improvement of his intellectual faculties. Work cannot be continued without intermission, and time hangs heavy on the mind which is torpid during the hours of repose. Exercise is as necessary to the mind as the body. How desirable then, that men should be qualified for that kind of reading, which gratifies and strengthens the mind, without the fatigue of severe study, while the body is at rest during the intervals of labour? Our legislature is not unmindful of the duty imposed by the constitution—the act "to provide for the education of children at the public expense within the city and county of Philadelphia," is working great good. By the first annual report of the controllers of these schools, made in February last, it appears that 2,845 children were then in a course of education; and I am informed that the number is now much increased. Moreover, a most important fact is established—that by adopting the Lancasterian mode of teaching, which will do in all thickly settled districts, the annual expense will not exceed *four dollars* for each child. Upon efforts like these the blessing of God may be confidently hoped for. Nothing can be more effectual for the diffusion of the spirit of Christianity, than a moderate cultivation of the understanding. Men will thus become more mild, better content with the condition in which Providence has placed them, more attentive to their duties both moral and religious, more charitable towards each other, less jealous and vindictive in their feelings towards foreign nations, less prone to rapine, under whatever name disguised, and less easily dazzling by the false splendour of war.

One thing more remains, which I cannot in conscience pass by, and in which, perhaps the Society may find means to do some good. Can no method be devised to check the inordinate use of spirituous liquors? This shocking habit strikes at the root of agriculture, by robbing it of the labour necessary for its support. It would be a waste of time to enumerate the ills which flows from this disgraceful vice, because they are obvious to every one. Perhaps a small addition to the wages, would induce labourers to forego the use of this poisonous liquid; or they might consent to take as a substitute, beer, or cider, or some other harmless drink. The subject deserves the deepest consideration, and I cannot help hoping, that when Societies shall be organized in the several counties a plan may be formed which being acted upon at once, throughout the state, may greatly lessen, if not eradicate the evil.

* A term in use, in New York and Pennsylvania, to denote a man who seats himself on land to which he has no title.

### THE WRECK AT SEA.

BY H. F. GOULD.

The struggle is over! The storm-cloud, at last,
Has emptied itself, and the fury is past!
The ship is a ruin! the mariners wait
Their summons to enter eternity's gate.
The remnant of canvass that flaps in the wind,
Their signal of wo they may soon leave behind,
To give its last flutter above the wild surge,
As all it betokens, the deep shall immerge.
They see rising round them a chill, restless grave,
While death loudly calls them from out the hoarse wave!

"Come to me! come! ye have no where to flee,
But down in the waters, for quiet with me!
My thin, winding arms, ever naked and cold,
Have nothing to warm them, but what they infold.
My being unlawful, I have to sustain,
By feeding on life that from others I drain.
The sweet buds of childhood, youth's beautiful bloom
I traverse the world by the light that I steal
Alone from the eyes that in darkness I seal!

"In ocean's black chambers, I welcome the forms
That pass to my kingdom, through shipwreck and storms.
The babe never prattles, nor climbs on the knee
Of him who is low in the cold, deep sea!
The eye of his widow grows sunken and dim,
With looking, and waking, and weeping for him!
The parent's fond heart slowly bleeds for the son,
Till I, *for my throne, a new trophy have won!*
Come! and the mourners away on the shore,
Shall never behold you, or hear of you more!"

Hush! hush! thou pale monarch! A voice from above!
It chides thee—its tones are of mercy and love!
Away! king of terrors! In silence retire!
Though high is thy throne there is one that is higher!
The sinking have looked from the billows, that swell
Around them, to Him, who the surges can quell.
And, he, who before, has the tempest allayed,
And said to the mariner, "Be not afraid,"
Is now walking over the waters, to tread
Upon the white spray that is pluming thy head!

A sail! ho! a sail, in the moment of need!
On yonder mad breakers she's riding with speed.
A rescue! it comes in the light little boat,
That's lowered and manned o'er the perils to float.
While, life for the perishing, hope for despair,
And joy and reward for affection are there,
With rocking and tossing, as onward she steers,
And shooting, and plunging the wreck as she nears,
One moment! and then the last wave will be crossed!
Yet, all is too late, if that one be lost!

The helper and helpless, while panting to meet,
Have sent forth their voices each other to greet,
And when did these voices go out on the air,
An import so great, such an errand to bear!
Emotions too mighty for sound to convey,
Or, long for the spirit to feel in the clay—
A pulse never known in their bosoms before,
Is each proving now, at the dash of the oar.
And, sweet to their hearts will the memory be,
Of these clasping hands on the wild, deep sea!

## JOHNSON.

The illustrious name of Johnson is sometimes used to designate the whole period of our literature, which he filled during his life. His capacious vastness of mind, his profound, meditative, and ever moralising genius, his strength of conception, and prodigious energy of expression, his force and clearness of judgment, the weight of his opinion, the earnestness and vehemence of his feelings, the universal sweep of his sentiments, and the stern integrity of his morals—all conspire to give him the stature of a giant among our writers. Such a mind must necessarily have a style of its own; hence the voluminous and massive character of his phraseology, the rhetorical and elaborate structure of his sentences, the epigrammatic cadence of his periods, the abstract form of his thoughts—every sentiment an apothegm. Add to all these qualities a taste severe even to fastidiousness, and masterly command of the whole verbal wealth of the English language, together with the possession of all the stores of antiquity, and you may conceive how easily such a mind must gain the ascendancy over others, and become a standard of thought and expression.

At this distance of time we contemplate him with less awe; and, with tastes differing widely from those of his contemporaries, we can perceive his faults, as well as acknowledge his excellence. We admit that his style is one of the most impressive exhibitions of the power and copiousness of our language, of rhetorical dignity and polish, of its adaptation to subjects of vast moment; and, indeed, to all topics of serious and earnest thought. But we must allow, also, that in his selection of expression, he passes by the rich stores of our native Saxon, in favour of the less significant terms of the Norman vocabulary; that he is deficient in idiomatic force; that his phraseology is too frequently artificial and rhetorical; that he lacks the simplicity of Addison, and the ease of Goldsmith; that he sacrifices the original character of language at the shrine of the ancient classics.

Those of Johnson's works which are most conducive to the purpose of education, are, his Dictionary, (largest edition, with the quotations,) his Essays in the Rambler, his Rasselas, but, especially, his Lives of the Poets. The last mentioned is one of the most splendid productions of the human mind, whether we regard sentiment or style. Literary biography—the department of literature which approaches the nearest to poetry, in the elevation of the subject, that sanctity with which, as the record of genius, it is ever invested, and the elegance of language which it instinctively elicits—was a theme to which the profound moral genius of Johnson was most happily adapted. To whatever cause the unparalleled excellence of style in this work was owing, whether to the author's progressive order of mind, or the silent influence on his habits of association, arising from the more energetic and condensed mode of expression, which had become current among the contemporaries of his later years, certain it is, that in none of his works besides, does his grasp of thought, or power of expression, appear to so pre-eminent advantage. The Lives of the Poets are the mellow fruits of matured genius—with all its moral as well as intellectual qualities in full and glorious developement. The work is not entirely free, however, from faults attributable to morbid habits of feeling. The purest spirit cannot rise wholly above the impediments of defective organization; and Johnson had, along with his endowments, more than a common share of these imperfections. Under the influence of constitutional tendencies, he did injustice, occasionally, to character which he happened to contemplate through the films of prejudice.—But it is not for the feeble hand of humanity to hold the balance of a perfect and dispassionate decision.—*School Master.*

For the Saturday Evening Post.

### THE PUBLIC SINGER.

A FRAGMENT.

"She sings the lov'd songs of her own native plains,
"Ecstatic applauses awaking;
"Ah! little they think who delight in the strains
"That the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

*Moore.*

As I ascended the stairs, strains of the most entrancing sweetness—bursts of aerial melody, wild as the wailings of the Peri over "Araby's Daughter," came swelling on my ear, floating and sinking away in dying fall, till each faint, clear cadence realized the lines—

"I hear a voice so fine, there's nothing lies
"Twixt it and silence."

I entered the concert-room; it was full to overflowing—crammed like the Black Hole at Calcutta—a dense chaos of tittering belles, buckram beaux, chaperons at once gracious and *grandiose*, and entranced *dilettanti*, ever and anon provoked by their sacrilegious noise to dart the most deadly glances at the contraband traffickers in flirtation, speculation, and opposition. The case would have been hopeless to one less versed in the arcana of crowds; but resolutely pushing onward amid

"The wreck of coiffures and the crush of sleeves,"

after a process comparable to a safe exit from the conflagration of the Richmond Theatre, I squeezed my way to the upper end, and established myself so as to enjoy a full view of this renowned Italian syren, the re-incarnated Parthenope of her own Naples. There she sat, a marble figure, pale as despair, seemingly unconscious as an automaton, without so much as audible respiration, or the involuntary motion of an eyelid or muscle. There was nothing of ambitious or ostentatious display about her—none of the gesticulatory accompaniment, so usual and effective in her nation and profession—no change of countenance or complexion—no kindling of the eye or elevation of the head—no dilating of the form at the sublimest soarings of her supernatural voice—no heaving of the bosom—no quickened breath—nor the flutter of a nerve or pulsation, as the most soul-dissolving sounds

"In many a winding bout
"Of linked sweetness, long-drawn out,"

poured over her half-parted lips. It seemed mechanical all,—though not monotonous—the execution of a nicely devised machine wound up for the task—a symphonious effluence, unfelt by her, yet in power so intense over the feelings of others, that

"No ear so dull, no heart so cold
"That felt not, fired not at the tone."

Still there was something in it, that, startling like an airy call from a spirit-land, struck me with a shuddering, ominous and chill; it was like music breathing from a sepulchre—the voice of passion and pleading issuing from, and echoing around, the relics of the dead.

And yet was Theresina young and beautiful,—though here was not the hope and buoyancy of youth—the beauty or vivacity of life. Yes! she was indeed "beautiful exceedingly," the beauty of an effigy, counterfeiting the energy of life, yet cold, motionless, and uninformed by "a living soul." The eye, large, dark, and dreamless—a true Italian eye in cut and colour—apparently took cognizance of nothing around her—but filled with a strange struggling expression, as if it turned its vision inward, to gaze forever on hidden memories and storied shadows of the past.—Her features—and fairer were never carved, by the chisel of Canova—wore that still, statue-like, stony look by which sculpture has the gift to congeal beauty into the mysterious semblance of death—but death entirely distinct from the co-existent and defacing idea of decay. Her drooping figure reminded one of the queen-like lilly just bursting into light and loveliness, on whose fragile stem some rude foot has been set, and bent it to the earth, while the pure, pale, pearly cup still clings to the half-crushed stalk, uplifting its meek majestic head, only to show what exquisite sweetness withers there.

Again and again, Theresina sung, each time a varied strain; I stood beside her, listening to the graceful gushes of a voice, that seemed, now the *playful* song of the nightingale (such as the Persian talks of) amid sun-shine and perfume—now "most musical, most melancholy," like the the sighing of the night-breeze over the cypresses of a cemetery, stirring within the soul a thousand sad, yet luxurious, [illegible] the calm, immobile, changeless aspect, and the glowing tones of rapt sensibility trembling in every lay of the matchless vocalist. Wonder and interest lost themselves in forming a thousand conjectures as to her history. Whence came it, that one in the flower of youth and beauty—a living Euterpe—the very muse of song—a professor of the most inspiriting and agitating of the arts was thus frozen to marble—insensible to all the sweet influences of her sex and calling—and heeding no more than the dull, cold ear of death, her own rich effusion of "dulcet and harmonious breath"? With none of the many melodies enchanting the audience were her emotions linked; while her music summoned all the passions around its "magic cell," she alone remained "deaf to it as the adder to the voice of the charmer." Hark to that air! 'soft, soothing, and serene, embalming a world of tender associations—all redolent of home! sweet, sacred home! To what fond ear, perchance a mother's or a father's, long since passed away from earth, had she been wont to carol it forth in her natal bower? Now far away from kindred, country, and all beloved and familiar things, the repetition moved her not—stern memory disowned its sway.' Next "*Diranti palpiti*" languished on her lips; love's own empassioned strain, such as dark Sappho might have sung where

"Leucadia's rock yet overlooks the wave,"—

that perhaps had been warbled responsive to lips, since false and forsworn, or mouldering in the silent dust—then breathing and blending vows in unison with the melting tones and eyes of the fair and fervent minstrel. That thrilling chaunt of war and liberty! how often might she have poured it forth,

"Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound,"

to inspire some secret conclave of fierce and heroic Carbonari! Beneath the blushing and burning sun-set of her native skies, she might have sent forth that *barcarole* so light and joyous in its measure to echo over Venetian waves,—while friends smiled around, applauding with the mute extravagancies of ecstacy—or caught up the sportive close, ere it died on the air. Even now in mental vision, such scenes might be acted over again,—each wild and witching note appealing to the *past*, yet present to her gaze. The abstracted harmonist saw—not the place where she was—the scroll of music before her—the instruments played upon by her assistants—the stage—the broad array of stranger-faces—staring searchingly at her—but the green picturesque hills,—the Arcadian vales, the moon-lit waters, and silvery shores of her own, her native land; she heard not the buz of tongues, pronouncing in a harsh and unknown jargon, sneering critiques or measured eulogies on her style of singing and herself; ah! no! that ear, attuned only to the finest melody, hung upon the low endearing tones of long past times—it drank in the parent-praise, the friendly speech, the whispered vow and prayer of love. The illusion vanishes—the spell dissolves; she awakens to a perception of an actual existence—of the long, low concert-room, with the half-burnt candles flaring along the white-washed walls—the orchestra in which she stood—the hireling performance—the supercilious and scanty meed of applause, oh! how different from the rapt vehemence of Italian enthusiasm!—the remunerating pittance thus earned to purchase her daily bread. Yet, that she had "that within which passeth show," none were permitted so much as to suspect; for who could pierce beneath the surface so polished and so cold, and detect the host of sad, corroding memorie's blighted feelings—those wan spectres of the past—and vain regrets for things as vain," peopling that wasted world, a woman's heart, while pride and female delicacy still survive to hold their reign. Ah! little dreamed the young, the gay, the lovely, that she, still young and lovely as any of them all, had once, too, been as gay; "little thought the vain, licentious proud," who gazed gloating on the charms thus publicly placed before them, or haughtily turned their envious heads another way, of the silent and sickening anguish—the deep, inward, eating reminiscencies, the secret and settled despair, too surely preying even then on the life of her, whose sweet, free phantasies, of song flowed forth as spontaneous as the warbling of a gleeful bird. That aspect so unrecognizant of the present, so inexpressive (to the many) of the past, was a mask to defy all inquisition, and baffle both sympathy and curiosity.

Her task was over—her song ceased; she arose and stood with head depressed, hands crossed, and form bent in acknowledgment of the crowded attendance and munificent patronage vouchsafed her musical entertainment. I took a long, last glance at the large melancholy eye, that seemed glassed over by the ice of tears frozen at their fount; and, if ever that speaking organ was the index of internal woe, this was so. There in might be read a tale—brief, it might be, but bitter, of "helpless, brokenness of heart." I never saw her more, though long my mind dwelt on the looks and tones of that gifted being who seemed standing as it were between two worlds, the world of thrilling realities—and the shadowy sphere where long vanished times and things are mingled with the vast eternity in realms on high. Vain, too, were inquiry and conjecture as to her former life—all to be told or known of her, was that she had been here, a stranger, a sufferer by inference, and a public-singer by profession. What ties were broken or loosed to make her a wanderer over the earth,—what she had lost or left or sacrificed, to dim the spring-time of her youth with so deep a cloud, none knew, and few haply cared to know. There was no clue to her story—no circumstance to trace or identify her by, save, that qualified to depose Catalini, and act as *Prima-donna* to the Bolognese opera, she travelled alone and unprotected, giving concerts, and answering to the name of Signora Theresina.

E.

# NEW BRIGHTON AND BEAVER
## Town Lots, for sale.

NEW BRIGHTON is one of the most flourishing towns, west of the Allegheny mountains. It is situated on the Falls of Beaver River, about four miles from its junction with the Ohio, at the most northern bend and nearest approach to Lake Erie—30 miles from Pittsburg.

The Water Power at these Falls is prodigious, sufficient to work 1,500 run of stones, and can be cheaply applied. From the advantages of soil, climate, water and internal improvements, commenced or rapidly progressing, it must inevitably soon become one of the greatest manufacturing places in the United States—already about 30 manufactories are established, and arrangements are making for increasing them.

The town of New Brighton is located on a beautiful plain, rising in terraces from the water, and is in every respect a delightful place of residence.

The canal from the Ohio to Erie, which is completed 30 miles, and the remainder to be speedily finished, passes through the town. The Mahoning, or Cross Cut Canal, now progressing, forms a junction with this at Newcastle, and connects the great Ohio Canal which empties into Lake Erie at Cleveland. The Sandy and Beaver Canal, and the continuation of Pennsylvania Canal from Pittsburg will also form a junction with this canal at the mouth of Big Beaver.

Rail roads from the mouth of Big Beaver to Conneaut, to Cleveland to Ashtabula, to Erie, (all flourishing towns on Lake Erie) and to Pittsburg, have been authorized by laws, and a connection with the great southern New York rail road is projected, all forming a grand combination of internal improvements, centering in one point, (at this place) will speedily give to it commercial as well as manufacturing advantages, not known in any other section of country. Mechanics, Builders and Manufacturers are wanted, and will find it a most advantageous location.

It is believed by well informed persons, that New York and Philadelphia will contend at this central point, for the great and rapidly increasing trade of the Western States—that this is the nearest and best point for New York business to reach the Ohio—and citizens of New York have purchased largely with that view.

The grain from a part of Ohio and west Pennsylvania will be brought to Beaver Falls to be floured, and for a market either to Philadelphia, to New Orleans, or to the lakes. An immense coal trade to supply the towns on the Ohio, the Mississippi, and on the waters of the Lakes, will find in the Beaver Valley the source of its supplies—and all other produce will diverge from this focus to all the points of the compass.

The extraordinary advantages which are here may be enumerated, by consulting the maps, internal improvements by legislative enactments, the manufacturing power, the inexhaustible deposits of bituminous coal, the rich soil of the surrounding country, and the iron ore under the soil.

The prices of lots and land is at present moderate, but they are increasing rapidly—capital was only wanted to develope the advantages of the location and the establishment of a Branch of the United States Bank, which is soon to take place, will remedy the evil heretofore felt.

Letters from a distance (post paid) addressed to M. T. C. GOULD, Agent, New Brighton, (Fallston Post-office,) Beaver County, Pa. or to the undersigned, will be attended to.

SAM'L C. ATKINSON.

Office Saturday Evening Post, 26 Carter's Alley
ap 30—4tf Philadelphia.


# Saturday Evening Post

## JUNE 18, 1836.


### To Readers and Correspondents.

"THE POET," *by J. S. Du Solle*, long and favourably known to our readers, for many valuable contributions—has been received, and shall appear in our next. Mr. Du Solle is a young writer of much promise, and has already written some most excellent articles, over the signature of "Senex."

"*Lines by H.*" we would with pleasure publish, but the article is too lengthy for an Obituary, and it does not possess sufficient merit to warrant its insertion under the miscellaneous head.

☞ A correspondent at Nashville, has obligingly furnished us with a communication, from which we learn that for 18 months past, a copy of the Saturday Evening Post, has been regularly received at Chesnut Grove, Tenn., addressed to an individual who nearly 15 months since, removed from the State! Fortunately for all publishers who may have been sending papers to that office, the old postmaster has left the place, and the present postmaster, *we presume, intended* to apprize us of these facts, when he had leisure to do so.

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The Secretary of the Treasury in his late report to the Senate, gives as the amount of money in the Treasury, subject to draft, on the 16th instant, according to his running account, $33,563,654.

This does not embrace any part of the Chickasaw fund, nor of the French indemnity received, as neither of them can be used for general purposes, and both are held but temporarily, and in trust for others.

The receipts in the months of March and April were—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| From Customs, | $3,113,227 | |
| From Lands, | 3,615,113 | $6,778,340 |

The receipts were less by 1-3 in April, than in

### NEW VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

The British Government have placed Captain Back, the distinguished navigator, in command of a Government vessel, in which he is to proceed to the Mayne river, upon the western coast of North America. His orders are to ascertain the most convenient place for the transportation of boats and stores across the intervening isthmus, and, having placed his ship in security, he is to proceed, with the resources placed at his command, along the shores of Prince Regent's Inlet, and connect the point whence he will start, with Hecla, and Fury Straits, and Point Turnagain. The utmost exertion was being used in fitting out the expedition, which, it was expected, would sail the first week in June.

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The truths embraced in the subjoined article, apply so forcibly to all our large cities, that we request for them a candid and dispassionate perusal. The merchant is *de facto* the guardian of his clerks, and should exercise the same control over their course of conduct, as affection dictates in the breast of the parent, or the law requires from the master in relation to his apprentices. If he fail in doing so, his remissness is reprehensible, and the evils that may arise from his injudicious indulgence, will, in after years prove the cause of much self disquietude of mind. If the child go astray, the parent is generally condemned for not having stored its ripening mind with beneficial advice and moral precepts; if the apprentice is led into keeping bad company and becomes criminal in his conduct, the parents accuse—most justly, the master for not examining into the way of life of their child, when not actually engaged in business avocations. Then why should the merchant, who is both master and guardian, escape censure, if he institute no enquiry into the habits and conduct of his clerks and consider that if they apply themselves to their duties in the counting house, the object of their being there is answered, and he has fulfilled his duty also. The subject is one of vast importance, and opens a wide field for reflection and reform. If it result in causing our merchants to impose some salutary restrictions upon the leisure hours of the youth of our cities within their range, much vice will be nipped in the germ, and Robinson's sufferings will have been the means of doing some real service to the community.

"To employers, the case of Robinson affords an important lesson. It illustrates the importance of moral guardianship. A young clerk confided to a merchant's charge, should not be considered merely as a working animal for a certain number of hours in the twenty-four, and be left without supervision during the remainder. They should study their character and habits, know the reputation of the houses at which they board, and of their inmates—and they should likewise possess a reasonable knowledge how and where they spend their evenings.

To parents in the city also—especially mothers and sisters—the case presents an important lesson. As a general rule, we do not think the youth who are born and bred in the city, are as liable to be led astray, as those who come here on the verge of manhood, from the country. Still a watchful guardianship should be exercised over their youthful sons and brothers. And in this interesting labor, much devolves upon mothers and sisters. It is for them to impart that degree of interest to the family hearth,—to diffuse those charms around the domestic circle—that shall render it the most delightful place to which the young man can resort. Young men will have society—and female society too. Let, then, every pains be taken to afford them the society of intelligent and virtuous females. Let every mother, and every sister, by intellectual cultivation, and by due attention to personal address and manners, and by all those thousand little endearing, though nameless attentions which tend so much to sweeten the cup of life, and which the sex can alone, or at least most effectually impart, strive to render their own homes the places above all others where their sons and brothers would most delight to be found."—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

with palming upon the public, a vast amount of matter, in the shape of Continental travels, Reminiscences of the Peninsular War, histories of Talleyrand, Ney, Wellington, and Memoirs of Napoleon in a thousand grotesque shapes and colourings, have at last put the key stone to their absurdities, by publishing a series of papers in the London prints, purporting to be facts connected with the school boy career of Napoleon, written, so says report—"*by his confidential fellow student at Brienne, who was afterwards his Chamberlain for many years.*" The opening of these anecdotal memoirs is in the following strain.

On issuing from a Revolution whence, thanks to our authors, the facts reach us only by passing over victims and executioners, prescriptions, accusations, and atrocious calumnies,—amid this throng of sanguinary narratives would it be irregular or undesirable to display certain facts altogether or nearly unknown, in a less tragic point of view? It would be impossible to paint less darkly a terrible and extraordinary man, of whom we unhappily know what he did, but not what he was. Domestic facts, private interviews, certain expressions, outbreaks of sentiment and the heart, depict much better an individual, in my opinion, than all the extended treatises of history. What have I concluded from my observation of Bonaparte? That at fourteen years of age he was a being the most eminently jealous, the most eminently ambitious, that ever trod the globe. Yet a youth, his ambition and his jealousy were proportioned to his age and means. These two passions increased with his years, placed him on the throne, of his king, and precipitated him from it. Whence did he derive his jealousy, his ambition, his taciturnity, and his disdain for the human race? He owed these vices to the indigence of his family. Had not his regards been so often and so painfully turned to the enjoyments of his young comrades, almost all sons of good families, he would not have felt those secret chagrins, followed by a gloomy jealousy, which led him to scorn and shun those whom he could not imitate. It was M. de Marbeuf who procured his admission to the school of Brienne. Soon a report became current that this protector was his father, though it is certain that Napoleon was two years old when M. de Marbeuf, for the first time, set foot in Corsica. The pupils did not the less indulge in bitter pleasantries, which the offended youth did not always suffer with patience. Witness the following fact:—Bonaparte had just received a letter and three pieces of six francs from the bishop of Autun, brother of M. de Marbeuf. As he was occupied in reading his letter, Defoulers, a cadet, had the imprudence to say to him, "Well, how is mamma Marbeuf? Is she always Mrs. Joy?" The young Corsican, indignant at such an insult, threw at him the three pieces of six livres which were in his hand, and the blow was so violent that it struck Defoulers to the ground. His forehead was cut open and a tooth broken. He is still living, and the scar still strongly marked. Napoleon was put under an arrest in his chamber, but obtained his liberty the same day by this answer to the Superior who interrogated him, "Is a son, outraged in the person of a beloved mother, master of a first emotion? Bonaparte had been five weeks at the school of Brienne when I arrived there. Scarcely had three days elapsed, before I was desirous to know him more intimately than any other comrades. Though yet so young, he was ruled by the genius of war and destruction. In a retired corner of the court he had built a small fortress, of which the works had some originality, without deviating too far from the manner of the celebrated Vauban.

The following is given by his *confidential* fellow student as a correct copy of a letter sent by Napoleon to his father. It would be as well to state that the mode adopted by the compiler to gain possession of this document, was to search among his papers, during the absence of Buonaparte, and take a short-hand copy—very laudable indeed!

*From the School of Brienne, April 23d, 1784.*

"From the day that M. de Marbeuf procured my entrance into the royal school of Brienne, you thought probably, my dear father, that you owed nothing further to your son; if such be your opinion, suffer me to deplore it both for your sake and mine. You thus lose the pleasure of seeing me happy in your benefits, and me that of being grateful for them. Form, I beseech you, an idea of my position, and justify, if it be possible, the silence you observe to the requests I have made you. Extreme necessity, doubt not, has constrained me to make them. Oh! happy he who can dispense with others, who has nothing to ask even from those most near him! Who obliged you to transplant me [illegible] an advocate, makes him a tradesman. Ought not your self-love, too, to be wounded by the ignoble part I play among the brilliant youths who surround me? Your son necessitous among young men who want nothing? My father, this order of things cannot long exist. You have a house at Sartena, sell it. Let the education of my brothers be limited, let my sisters labour to maintain themselves; in a word, sustain me honourably at the post where you have placed me. I am on the eve of departing for the capitol. This removal cannot take place without expense. I have borrowed two hundred francs on my bill at a month. I am willing to believe that, on receiving this, you will afford me the means of meeting it. If I fail in this restitution I am completely dishonoured, and perhaps lost to you. As to the style of this letter, have the goodness to pardon its rudeness, in consideration of the humiliations that I feel in secret, and above all of the noble pride of my sentiments. Your son, sir, is only sixteen, but the vastness of his ideas embrace the amplitude of half a century. While honouring you as the author of my days, I cannot, it is true, express to you an infantine respect. If you can presage the results that this manly and powerfully formed character may have, you will see in them the assurance that your son will one day repay you a hundred fold, the sacrifices you have made for him. If you hasten your reply in proportion to the urgency of the motives which dictates this, I shall receive it before my departure for the military school. Say all that is becoming to every one interested in my happiness.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

Compare this style to that which he used twenty years later, in writing to Joseph, Louis, and Jerome, whom he had embarrassed with crowns, and you must allow that it is the same pen and the same personage.

The father of Napoleon was not at home when this extraordinary communication arrived. Madame Buonaparte answered it thus—

My Dear Son—Had not this letter bore your signature, I could not have believed it yours.

LETITIA.

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The mails from all quarters bring us intelligence of the severe damages occasioned by the late rains. In the neighbourhood of Delaware city, Port Penn, Salem, N. J. and in fact all along the Delaware river, the embankment have given way, and the marshes are consequently overflown—the farmers have experienced severe losses in the destruction of their cattle, and it is believed that the hay pasture will be much injured by the inundations.

The Ohio is so swollen by the rains, that the water is 6 feet over the Falls at Louisville, Ky. In consequence of which, transportation which could only be done in keels at $1 50 per hundred, is now resumed in steamers at only 75 cents per 100.

A slip from the Charleston Courier mentions that the river was so high at Camden, that the mails could not get across. The river was higher than ever known before, and every thing was carried away by the force of the freshet. The crops are generally destroyed, and the season too late to replant the cotton.

The Rice Crop on the Black River, South Carolina, is expected to be much injured by the rise of the Santee, Wateree, and Pedee rivers. The tide rose 18 inches an hour, breaking in the dykes—the water is higher than in the gale of 1822.

The Cotton Crops are generally destroyed near Camden, from the same cause. Letters to the 31st May, mention the destruction to have been general as far as heard from. Also, along the Congaree.

At Augusta, Geo. there had been no mail for 3 days, owing to the rise of water in the rivers. The country has been deluged. The Cotton Crop for 1836 will, in consequence, be greatly diminished, and it is too late to replant this spring.

At Vicksburg, Miss. many plantations on the Mississippi have been destroyed, and some of the owners have been made bankrupt.

Several plantations in Lousiana have been inundated, in consequence of the overflow of the "Red River," and a large amount of property destroyed. An overseer of one of these plantations, states that the overflow was so sudden, that he was compelled to construct rafts in order to save the live stock.

Our exchange papers represent the country to be in a deplorable condition, and we may expect to hear of much injury done to the canals and other public works.

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'Tis no more in our power to love always, than not to love at all.—*La Bruyere.*

"Head Quarters, Army of the South,
COLUMBUS, Geo. June 2, 1836.

"I have the honor to report for the information of the Secretary and General-in-Chief, that I arrived here three days ago, in company with his Excellency Governor Schley, and Major General Jesup.

"No event of importance has occurred in, or about the Creek country, in a week or two. A small party of the enemy crossed into Georgia the day before I arrived, murdered a few individuals, and burnt some houses.

"Until the troops are mustered into the service of the United States, they are not under my command. This ceremony commenced yesterday and will proceed as rapidly as possible. In the meantime, the Governor, whose own military views are excellent, and who has the best possible disposition toward the General Government and its officers, makes me the compliment to consult me on all points of importance. He has already taken measures to guard the frontier of Georgia, above and below this place, against incursions, and particularly to prevent parties of the enemy from escaping across the river, in the direction of Florida. Additional measures shall be immediately adopted, to effect this great object; first, by the employment of a steamer, hourly expected with a company on board, and by pushing some companies of mounted men, to points, fifty and sixty miles below. It is not thought here, that there is any danger of the Indians attempting to cross the river lower down.

"The strength of the enemy is variously estimated by well informed persons, from 2,500 to 5000. Capt. Page thinks that there are at least 3000 hostile warriors.

"I suppose there may have arrived on this frontier, about 1,500 Georgians, mostly, I think, volunteers. As they are distributed over a line of more than forty miles on the river, the Governor has not been able, as yet, to obtain returns of the detachments. He expects as many more, and the companies almost daily arrive, but it is not to be expected that all will be up before the 12th, perhaps the 15th instant.

"The Governor of Alabama, will probably have in the field about an equal number of men. By his letter of the 29th ultimo, it will be seen, that he thinks he will be ready to march upon the enemy, the 5th instant. I doubt, however, whether he has been able to secure subsistence for his men, in advance, for eight or even five days. On this side, there are no magazines. The troops have not suffered, but the supplies are rather precarious. This state of things must continue at least eight days longer, when the one hundred thousand rations and other indispensable stores shipped from Picolata, St. Augustine, Savannah, and Charleston, may begin to arrive from Macon and Hawkinsville, on the Oakmulgee, by wagons. The supplies ordered from New Orleans cannot be expected before the 18th or 20th inst. Late, long, and heavy rains in this quarter, have greatly injured the roads, but improved the navigation of the rivers.

"I enclose copies of my two letters to Governor Clay, and a copy of my instructions to Major General Jessup, who will probably set out tomorrow for Montgomery. He will require a good escort to Tuskegee, 40 miles. Beyond that point the communication is understood to be perfectly free."

### THE BATTLE AND THE CAPTIVES.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Bee gives the following brief sketch of the battle of San Jacinto, together with an outline of Santa Anna, Cos and Almonte:

The enemy fired their cannon five times only. It was loaded the sixth time and primed; the man who held the match was killed by a boy, and the piece taken. It is a splendid brass nine pounder, bearing the inscription "El Volcan," and "Violati fulmina Regis," in Roman capital letters. The cannon was taken and the enemy put to rout nineteen minutes after the first gun was fired. The slaughter among the enemy's ranks was tremendous. I took a deliberate look over the field three days after the battle.—The sight was horrible. Here lying in clusters, there scattered singly, the ground was strewed with dead men, dead horses, guns, bayonets, swords, drums, trumpets; some shattered and broken books, papers, shoes, sandals, caps, the chaos of a routed army—were strewed upon the ground in a confusion which the imagination cannot conceive—the natural eye must behold it to be convinced of the reality.

The faces of most of the dead were as black as negroes, horribly swollen and distorted; the tongues protruding—the skin blistered, the limbs in many instances swollen, elevated, and half extended—horrible and disgusting masses of corruption.

When the Texian army made the charge, the shouts of Alamo! Alamo!! Alamo!!! filled the air, and braced the hearts of the assailants to [illegible] scious guilt of their cruel massacre of the brave men, and the dread of the day of vengeance having come. The shouts of Alamo! Travis! Crockett!! Fanning!!! were terrible to the enemy, as the trump which may call the guilty to their final account.

On the whole right wing of the enemy, one man only escaped death. They were slaughtered and finally driven into the water, and the rifles ceased not their crack while an object appeared above its surface.

The left wing of the enemy fled in confused order, commanded by Col. Almonte, and laid down their arms and surrendered to a small body of cavalry, two miles from the battle field.

The number of the enemy's killed is estimated at about 700, and the prisoners taken amount to above 500; more than 200 of them wounded.—There are 42 officers, prisoners, including Almonte, Cos, and Santa Anna himself.

Santa Anna was taken the next day after the battle, about 10 miles above, in the woods, in a mean citizen's dress, and did not make himself known until he was taken before General Houston, to whom he immediately offered a feast of soft corn.

You will be gratified by a description of Santa Anna's person. His forehead is high but narrow in front, spreading as it extends back obliquely—hair moderately black. He has large, mild, black eyes; his under jaw is long. His complexion is a little tawny, but he shows more of the Moorish than the Mexican tincture. He might pass for a white man, but would not pass for a native in the United States. His height is five feet ten inches, tolerably well proportioned. His age is forty-one.

General Cos was taken two days after the battle, and was brought back to camp a picture of fear. When I first saw him he was lying upon the ground, and had hid himself under a little old blanket; his hair is dark brown, and his hand, with which he held the blanket over his head, was small, and had remarkably short finger nails. He is about five feet nine inches high—built for activity—has a high forehead; his nose is long, straight, and well-formed; his eyes a brilliant black. He is cousin to Santa Anna.

The third personage, Col. Almonte, is the reputed natural son of a Spanish priest, by a full-blooded Mexican woman. He has a good countenance; was educated in Europe, and speaks English well, and is regarded as a man of superior talents.

But all these Mexicans appear but as ordinary men in personal appearance, when compared with General Houston himself, who possesses a manly and noble countenance, rarely surpassed among men. But he now appears pale and sickly, in consequence of a wound which shattered his leg above the ankle. There were 14 other Texians wounded and 7 killed; among the latter a son of Major Brigham, of Brazoria, one of the most promising youths of Texas.

### CRUIZE OF THE VINCENNES.

The United States sloop-of-war Vincennes, Capt. Aulick, 40 days from St. Helena, anchored in Hampton Roads on Sunday week, and went up to Norfolk the next afternoon. The following brief sketch of the cruize of the Vincennes, has been furnished to the New York Commercial Advertiser, by one of the officers.

The Vincennes sailed from Callao, Peru, July 21, 1835, since which time she has touched at the Marquesas, Society, Friendly, and Navigator's Islands, Wallis Island, Guam, Rotamah, Pelew Islands, and Lord North's Island. Arrived at Lintin January 3d, 1836, sailed from thence January 25th, and has touched at Singapore, Quallah Battoo, Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena, from whence she had a passage of 41 days, having sailed 59,500 miles since leaving the United States in November, 1833. The Vincennes has relieved many distressed seamen, and afforded assistance to a large number of American vessels, particularly whalers. She has on board the survivors of the crew of the whale ship Mentor, wrecked near the Pelew Islands, James Meader and John Davis, whose liberation was obtained by a positive demand being made for them by the commander of the Vincennes, otherwise they would never have been released. All the crew of that ill-fated ship who were left at Lord North's Island, died prior to the arrival of the Vincennes, except Hoback, one of the chiefs of Aracoloo, taken in the boat by Captain Bernard. He was returned to his home and his tribe on the release of Meader and Davis.

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The public houses in Portland, have agreed to raise their prices for board twenty-five per cent. on account of the high price of provisions.

## EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

*Extraordinary Speed.*—We understand that one of the engineers on the Columbia Rail road, last week, ran his locomotive from Philadelphia to Columbia, four times in twenty-four hours, with heavy trains each way of burthen cars—a distance of 344 miles. We doubt whether its equal has ever before been performed, all things considered.

The amount of tolls taken at the Collector's office of the Philadelphia and Columbia Rail-road, Philadelphia, for the week ending June 11th, 1836, was $2610 32; and the whole amount taken from 1st April to 11th June, $40,503 44.

*Rapid Travelling.*—A gentleman of high character, a citizen of New York, mentioned to us on Saturday, that a day or two before, he left Columbia, Pa. at eight o'clock in the morning, and was at the inclined plane, just above the bridge, at one, having passed over the whole distance between the two places, in five hours. So much for rail road facilities in Pennsylvania.

At No. 457 Broadway, New York, are to be found pens with the following pompous name: "American Democratic Republican Amalgamated Steel Pens." The inventor ought to have added *Loco foco* and the amalgamation would have been completed.

*Specie.*—The bark C. P. Williams, with $260,000, and the schr. Louisiana, with 260 000, arrived at New Orleans on the 14th of May, and several schooners, with about 200,000 arrived same day.

*Emigration.*—A large number of vessels have arrived at Quebec this season. In one day (May 29) upwards of thirteen hundred emigrants arrived at that port.

*Money.*—We learn that the latest arrived packet from Europe brings a letter from Mr. Jaudon, stating that he had affected a negotiation in London for about seven millions of dollars, and that he should try the Holland market for further sums.

Charles E. Hawkins, Esq. is Commander of the Texas Navy. They have four vessels in commission, the Invincible, Independence, Liberty and Brutus.

The Boston Post states that the amount of revenue that accrued at that port during the month of May, the present year, was $404,800—during the month of May, last year, $390,170—increase,—$14,630.

It is proposed in Congress to increase the pay of the officers in the Revenue Service, giving to Captains of Cutters, $1500, 1st Lieutenant, $1000 2d do. $800.

A private letter from Washington states, that the accounts from the South, represents the Indian policy as fast developing itself; that it is to recruit their losses from the negroes, with whom they will make common cause, and that their expeditions now are principally made with a view to obtain possession of the slaves.

Cases have been tried before the Police Justices, in Lowell, in which an Irishman and his wife, were brought up for injuring the reputation of an Irish girl by calling her a thief. Fined *one cent* damages. From this sentence the defendants APPEALED. They must be fond of law.

The Norfolk Beacon ventures to predict, that in less than a quarter of a century, the principal products of the northern and middle States will be Silk and Sugar.

*Conneaut and Beaver Rail Road.*—The Engineer for the survey of this route has at length arrived, and commenced his labours on Monday last. The inclemency of the weather, however, since that time has forbidden any great progress. Our advances thus far have been necessarily slow in the prosecution of this important work, but we want to be "sure we're right, then go ahead." "The race is not always to the swift."—*Conneaut Gazette.*

It is computed in an English paper, that there are at this time, not less than 2,385,000 of the labouring class in Ireland in distress, who require relief more than thirty weeks of the year, for the want of work.

*The Towanda Bank.*—The Tioga County Phenix, contradicts the rumour of the failure of this institution, and adds:—"We feel no hesitation in saying that it is able at any time to meet all its engagements, and promptly to redeem its paper. Its affairs are in a prosperous condition, and notwithstanding the attempts of a few to injure its credit abroad, the public may rest assured, that it will not fail to fully sustain itself."

The Legislature of Delaware, assembled at Dover, on Tuesday last, 14th inst. The principal business before that body, is the final adjustment of the difficulties in relation to the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, and the chartering of the Peninsula Rail Road—although we perceive that the application for a new Bank Charter, with a capital of a million of dollars, is to be made by the Brandywine Manufacturers—Bank, at New Castle, will apply for an extension of their capital.

The frigate United States, put to sea on Sunday morning. The statement which has been very generally circulated, that when the mizzen top gallant mast of this vessel broke, two persons were killed and others injured, proves totally unfounded.—*Inquirer.*

A numerous meeting of merchants in Providence, has resolved to ask from the United States Bank, the establishment of an agency in that city.

Within the last year there has been an increase of 4000 in the population of Louisville.—The aggregate number of inhabitants is now 23,000.

*Curious Proclamation.*—In 1547 a proclamation was issued by Henry VIII, that women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses.

*Emigration to the far West.*—The arrivals at Detroit, the six or eight days previous to the 21st ult. were estimated at 1,000 per diem.

*Speculation in Lots in Illinois.*—Thirty-five lots, in the village of Quincy, sold recently at 22,000, being an average of $628 per lot.

The editor of the Boston Atlas says he has letters before him from a distinguished gentleman in London, stating that the Austrian and Prussian Governments, at the instigation of, and in concert with Russia, are about to transport to the United States an additional number of unfortunate Poles, who had sought an asylum at Cracow.

The Boston jail does not contain an individual imprisoned for debt! A circumstance which sufficiently indicates public feeling, and is creditable to humanity. It has not occurred before since the jail was built.—*Boston Transcript.*

*Serious Loss in the Arts.*—In removing Thom's fine statuary last week, the carman, by a moment's inattention, allowed Old Mortality's pony to escape from the cart, by which accident the value of the sculpture is destroyed. The legs are irreparably broken, and the whole piece so injured as to be of no further use. The artist will, we presume, supply its place from a quarry which we understand he has recently purchased in this vicinity.—*Newark D. Adv.*

The cigars imported into France from Havana last year, amounted in value to 6,60,000 francs; in 1831, to only 3,484,000 francs.

Mrs. Trollope is about publishing a new work, called Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, or Scenes on the Mississippi.

*A tough Story.*—Mrs. Brock, who resides among the Saluda Mountains, in South Carolina, weighs over 100 lbs! More than all the three Vermont belles put together.

Osceola, leader of the Seminole war, boasts of his determination to have a 'green corn dance' this summer, among the smoking ruins of Tallahasse.

A Reform has been introduced into the new Post Office Hill, which has recently passed the House, cutting down the pigeon hole system of the Post Office. No Postmaster may now charge more than one dollar per annum for a box—and that dollar is to be accounted for to the Government.

The editor of the Hudson Republican expresses an opinion, that after a man's neck is broken "*surgical assistance is necessary.*" For what purpose?

*Prentice's Last.*—The following is from a late number of the Louisville Journal:

"Mr. Joseph Mondey was recently indicted in Illinois for assault and battery. He went to a tavern, and, on being required to settle his score, he kicked the landlord, Bill Simmons. That, we suppose, was what he called *footing the Bill.*"

The brig Atlas, from the coast of Africa, was boarded on the 16th of February, by a boat from H. B. M. schr. Fair Rosamond, who stated that they landed the day before, forty-seven Spaniards on the island of St. Thomas (Africa), taken from captured slaving vessels—there were 240 on the island, who had been previously landed from slavers.

It is stated in the Natchez (Mississippi) Courier, that among the papers taken from General Cos, there were letters from no less than five different ladies, all of whom he engaged to marry. One of the ladies cautions him against the fascinations of the American girls in Texas. Cos, if a dastard in war, was no laggard in love.

In a recent affray at Baltimore, between Henry Stump and L. C. Levin, Esquires, counsellors

knife.

*Susquehanna Canal.*—The bill empowering the Susquehanna Canal Company to extend their great work from the Pennsylvania line to tide, has passed the Senate of Maryland, and is now a law. The company, it is said, are entirely satisfied with the act, and contemplate resuming operations about the first proximo.

*Female Horse Thief.*—A Tuscarora paper says that a young girl named Mary Korgan, lately stole a horse and decamped with it. She made her entre in Sandy Township, on the back of the animal, and after displaying the spirit and beauty of the horse, in various curveting prancings, sold him for a pretty round sum, went home and was taken prisoner, and committed to prison.—It is a matter of doubt whether the horse runaway with her, or she with the horse.

The Charlestown Aurora thinks that if publishers of newspapers were to advertise for nothing, some people would want a discount even from that. No doubt of it.

Two persons have been prevented from marrying at Taunton, by the interference of the magistrates, they not being of sufficient ability to maintain themselves.

We saw a raft containing several hundred thousand feet of lumber, passing down the Delaware on Saturday, and on inquiry, ascertained that it was from Elmyra, N. Y. "Go ahead stranger," exclaimed a looker-on.—*Enquirer.*

The Constitution frigate, was off the Rock of Gibraltar, on the first of May.

*The Conspirators.*—The journeymen tailors of New York, lately convicted at the Court of Oyer and Terminer, were sentenced by Judge Edwards on Saturday. The principal was fined $150, the second $100, and the rest $50 each, and to stand committed until paid. The Court room was crowded. No disturbance, with the exception of a few hisses.

*Absence of Mind.*—The last instance on record, occurred on Thursday night, at the Quackinbog Hotel, and was attended with lamentable consequences. C.——— B——— Esq. one of the boarders, on retiring to rest in a state of betweenity, put his boots to bed, and placing his neck in the jack, *pulled his head off!*—*Boston Transcript.*

*A voice from Vermont.*—Such has been the scarcity of grain and hay, in the remote towns of the Green mountain state, that many innkeepers have been obliged to take down their signs, and turn their cattle for a livelihood into the fields. Butter and cheese, are to be 'few and far between;' prices high, and complaints abundant. *One half* the usual produce only we are told, may be expected.

*Appropriations.*—The last legislature of New York, made the following appropriations: loan to the New York and Erie rail road, $3,000,000; loan for the construction of the Black river canal, $1,000,000; for the Genesee Valley land, $2,000,000; appropriated for locks at Glens' Fall feeder, $100,000; for making locks on the Cayuga & Seneca canal, $50,000; for additional loan for the Chenango canal, $200,000; for purchasing water power on the Crooked Lake canal, $12,000; for a towing path on the Seneca river, $4,000; for a geological survey of the state, $104,000; for the lunatic asylum, $60,000; for the blind, $16,000; for a bridge at Athol, Warren county, $4,000. Total, $6,610,000.

*Rail Roads in Ohio.*—The Ohio Free Press states, that as soon as $200,000 are subscribed to the Little Miami Rail Road Company, it will be commenced. The Sandusky City and Monroeville rail road, is in rapid progress towards New Haven, and will soon reach Mansfield, where a rise in real estate has already taken place in anticipation. Surveys have commenced on the Warren and Cleveland rail road, which the company are determined to push forward with all possible expedition.

The last Lottery was drawn in Tennessee on the 31st ult. They are no longer legal in that state, having been prohibited by act of Legislature.

A large number of students belonging to the University of Alabama, have incurred the sentence of suspension. Six of them visited the circus, contrary to a law of the institution, which prohibits them from attending theatres and similar places. They were accordingly suspended by the faculty, who some days after received a communication from forty-one other students, stating that they had also visited the circus, and were equally guilty with the six. The faculty then declared the whole forty-one to be suspended until after the next vacation, which terminates on the first of August.

It is stated that several hostile Indian tribes had been prevented from crossing the Chattahoochie, by the high state of the waters. The Creek warriors number 1200. All the lost mails have been carried by the friendly Indians to Tuskegee. The drafts were all undisturbed—the [illegible] same.

*Human Life estimated by Pulsation.*—An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the pulsations he has strength enough to perform. Thus, allowing 70 years for the common age of man, and 60 pulses a minute, for the common measure of pulses, in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life time, will amount to 2,207,250,000; but, if by intemperance he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give seventy-five pulses in a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in fifty-six years.—*Oracle of Health.*

The New Orleans Bee, of the 23d ult. says: "Capt. Brown, of the Texian schooner Invincible, has been held to bail in the sum of $10 000, to stand his trial before the admiralty court, for the capture of the American brig Pocket. This second arrest was in consequence of the protest made since the former, by the captain of the brig, who was not forthcoming previously, for by it, the Insurance office was obliged to pay the amount and premium insured, and hence the company seek restitution in the least annoying manner by civil suit for damages.

*Death of Dr. Prince, of Salem.*—The Salem Mercury, records the death of Rev. John Prince, LL. D. senior pastor of the First Congregational Society of that city. He died on Wednesday, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. The Mercury says, 'this venerable, respected and learned clergyman, was born in Boston, on the 4th of July, 1751; he was graduated at Harvard College, in 1776, in the same class with the late Gov. Gore, Chief Justice Sewall, Chief Justice Royal Tyler, Judge Thatcher, Rev. Dr. Ripley, and other eminent men; he was ordained minister of the first church on the 10th November, 1779, and has filled that station almost fifty-eight years.

*Rev. Albert Barnes.*—The appeal of this gentleman from the Philadelphia Synod, which has occupied about ten days of the present session of the General Assembly, now sitting in this city, was fully sustained, on Monday evening last, by a vote of 134 to 96.

At the sitting of the Assembly yesterday morning, the following resolution was passed, viz:

Resolved, That the sentence of the Synod of Philadelphia, suspending the Rev. Albert Barnes from all the functions of the Gospel Ministry, be, and hereby is, *reversed.*—Ayes 145, Nays 78, non liquets 11.

A resolution offered by Dr. Miller, condemning some of Mr. Barnes' sentiments, as contained in his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, and censuring him, was lost.—Ayes 109, Nays 124.

The Slavery question was under discussion yesterday afternoon.—*Pitt's Adv. of June 8.*

*Delaware Division.*—We understand that there will be an effort made, and we hope a strong one, to have the Delaware Canal extended from Bristol to Philadelphia, so as to cut off the dangers, difficulties and detention caused by storms on tide water. It is a fact that there were at least *seventy* laden boats detained at Bristol by the late north-east storm, and which rendered it impossible to tow them into the city. In one attempt seven scow-boats sunk, occasioning a loss of $3000 to the company. The detention of a boat occasions a loss of $4 per day to the owner—which altogether makes the neat sum of about $5,000 lost by the canal stopping short of Philadelphia. The country from Bristol to the city is perfectly level, easy of excavation, and the extension would not require a single lock the whole distance. We hope the project will receive the consideration of all interested. There can be no doubt that the extension is loudly called for.—*Easton Dem.*

Madame Celeste, on the night of her benefit in Baltimore, thus addressed the audience:—

*Ladies and Gentlemen.*—The actress of the fabled scene, is actress here no more—I stand before you a devoted, grateful woman, unable to express my gratitude for all the kindness which has been extended towards me, but which, while memory holds, can never be forgotten. Years have passed since first the wanderer from other climes found from you a welcome and a home, yet, success still crowns her efforts throughout this chosen land, where liberty hath made her home and hospitality her dwelling place. Your favor, your approval, has made me what I am. Your country now is mine,—this is my home. I am an American,—this is my declaration of independence.

[We cannot vouch for the sincerity of her professions, but all will admit, that they are perfectly *independent* of any timidity of expression.]

Upwards of 1,300 valuable trees were blown down, during the late awful gales which visited the eastern coast, in the Earl of Tankerville's park, at Chillingham, England. At Alnwick, the well known and largest tree in the country, called the Broom Tree, and supposed to have been planted 400 years ago, which stood in the churchyard, was torn up by the roots during the recent gales, carrying away the wall, and doing much damage.—*Tyne Mercury.*

*Boswell's Daughter.*—Miss Euphemia, daughter of the biographer of Johnson, has lately been released, through the instrumentality of a friend who took a lively interest in her behalf, from a lunatic asylum in the lower Road, Islington, where she had been in confinement for the last nineteen years.

*Seamen for the Navy.*—Many of our readers have perhaps already seen placards on the walls in this town, Sunderland, North and South Shields, and Stockton, announcing that prime seamen were wanted for H. M. S. Vanguard, of 80 guns. This is the first experiment towards raising seamen for the navy without impressment, on the plan introduced by Sir Jas. Graham, and a few weeks will show how far it will prove successful.—*Tyne Mercury.*

The *Scotsman* mentions a dog at Jedburgh, which, instead of hair, has a fleece of wool, considered by the best judges to be equal to Merino. The proprietor within the last two years has made the fleeces into a vest, a pair of trousers, and two pair of gaiters. This wool is of a beautiful fawn color.

*Longevity.*—Lately died at Doncaster, England, at the advanced age of 104, Sarah, the widow of Benjamin Earnshaw, known commonly as Ben Jersey, who was fifty years grave digger of the parish church. The old lady retained her faculties to the last. She was followed to the grave by a daughter aged 54, and who was born when her mother was 50.

*Potatoes.*—The Prussians appear to excel even the Irish in their fondness for potatoes, as well as in the various modes of preparing them for use. A recent traveller states, that he has on one occasion seen them served in different forms, the bread from them, the soup thickened with them, fried potatoes, potato salad, potato dumplings; and, lastly, potato cheese, which, besides being extremely palatable, will keep some years.

*Singular case of Resemblance.*—A young woman was recently charged, before the Brussels Correctional Police, with stealing wood. The prisoner denied the charge and said it must have been her sister. Her sister was brought into court, and the resemblance between them was so striking, that the Tribunal, fearful of condemning the innocent, acquitted both.

It is said that there has been numerous "affairs of honor" of late between the American and English gentlemen at Paris. We find an article in the Boston Transcript, stating that a duel had been fought between a Mr. Neill and an Englishman named Dons. (This Mr. Neill is not from New York, but from Philadelphia.) Another affair is spoken of between a New Yorker and an Englishman, and another between a Bostonian and an Englishman; no blood had been spilled.

A motion has been introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies to suppress gaming houses—which was opposed, because the Government would not know how to make up the deficit in the Treasury, arising from the loss of the taxes upon them—amounting to 5,500,000 francs.

A M. Benazel leases, from government the gaming houses of Paris at a rent of 280,000 per annum.

*Matrimony by the Dozen.*—At the collegiate church of Manchester, England, 70 couples were united in matrimony in one day, and on the next 150 couples were tied together for better or for worse. The following is the wholesale mode in which the business is dispatched:—The parties are arranged in couples of twelve; when the time arrives for slipping the ring on the fingers of the brides, the word of command is given, and the bridegrooms are seen busily feeling in their pockets for the symbol of endless affection; the women are then requested to repeat the words of the Minister, which they "nothing loth," never fail to do; then the men are requested to follow the example, and their gallantry prompts them to immediate obedience. The clergyman can thus dispatch about fifty couples per hour.

Extract of a letter, dated Marseilles, May 11th, 1836; "Since I last wrote you, we have had no arrivals of Americans and there are but two in port. It has been rather an oversight in the American Government in allowing Swedes, Danes, Austrians, &c. to load her with French cargoes for the United States, as it has reduced the American Commerce here at least one third, they being able to take freights at rates that Americans would lose money. We have had a com[illegible] past we have had snow, hail, rain, and cold, since the first of May, a thing unknown to the oldest inhabitants of Marseilles, and no prospect of its changing unless an eclipse, that we will have of the sun on the 15th, may change it to its original temperature. The vines and fruits have considerably suffered in this neighborhood."

*Extensive Navigation.*—The raft mentioned in the following paragraph, which we copy from a Paris paper, might almost be allowed to take rank as second to our famous Red river raft, on which Capt. Schrieve has been at work so long with "Uncle Sam's tooth-pullers."

"During the last week there was seen coming down the Rhine, from Andernach, one of those immense rafts lately found descending this river with emigrants. It appeared like an immense floating island, 900 feet long and 200 wide, bearing a village on its bosom, and yet guided by one steersman with as much security as an ordinary boat. The inhabitants of these rafts, that is, the crew and passengers amount to between 800 and 1000 persons. There are always cattle upon them, with slaughter-houses for the supply of this numerous family; and there is generally consumed in the voyage from Andernach to Dordrecht, 50,000 lbs of bread, 20,000 lbs of meat, 14,000 lbs of cheese 1,500 lbs of butter, and 700 tons of beer."

### A TUMULT.

The following is from the New York Courier and Enquirer of Tuesday:—

Another inflammatory placard was seen in our streets on Sunday last, calling on the mechanics and workingmen of the city to assemble in the Park last evening at half past seven o'clock to express their disapprobation of the sentence lately passed by Judge Edwards, in the court of Oyer and Terminer on the Journeymen Tailors for a conspiracy. As might be expected, at the hour appointed a large number of persons assembled, probably not less than six thousand in number.

A chairman and secretaries were appointed, but who they were we could not distinguish.—Several persons addressed the meeting, none of whom we recognised, except Alexander Ming, Jr. the candidate of the Loco Focos for Mayor of the city at the last charter elections. A series of resolutions were adopted, reprobating in strong and severe terms the official conduct of Judges Savage and Edwards, which with the speeches were received with loud and reiterated cheers. After the meeting dissolved, an immense number of men and boys who remained, at about half past 8 o'clock burnt the effigies of Judges Edwards and Savage, amidst deafening shouts, groans and outcries, which echoed through the chambers of the Aldermen and Assistants.

The noise continued incessant, accompanied by explosions of powder crackers and occasionally skirmishes, until nearly half past 9 o'clock, when a large body of watchmen charged upon the noisy throng, drove them from their position, to the lower part of the Park, and they were finally dispersed, to the great relief of all who were within the range of their voices.

### GRETNA GREEN.

The Liverpool correspondent of the New York Star says—

What are called "Gretna Marriages," are celebrated at Gretna Hall and Springfield. The latter place is a village upon the banks of a stream called the Sark, which formed the ancient boundary line between Scotland and England. Gretna Hall, formerly the private mansion of a gentleman of property, is an inn, on the Anan and Carlisle road, kept by one Mr. Linton, who was originally a tobacco spinner. Formerly the "business" was chiefly engrossed by the Hymenial agent at Springfield, and there were two in the trade, who agreed to disagree. The selection of the marriage shop depended on the postboy, who drove the party from Carlisle. If they went from the Bush Inn, they were invariably driven to one place, if they took post horses from the Coffee House, they as invariably were driven to the other; it was understood that the boy went snacks with the blacksmith if the fee was a good one. The changing Gretna Hall from a gentleman's seat to a matrimonial Chapel, of course, broke up the trade at Springfield; the ceremony is better performed, and the "doves" can smoothly whisper their "loves" in a well furnished and neat suit of apartments. The marriage fee extends, sometimes, to one hundred guineas, and sometimes Mr. Linton will condescend to perform the ceremony for a glass of whiskey. To constant customers a handsome reduction is made, or ought to be!

The packet ship Independence arrived at York on Monday last, from Liverpool, bring London papers to the 23d ult. inclusive. Independence made her outward passa fourteen and a half days, and has returned twenty days, performing the voyage out and in thirty-four days and a half—a shorter p than was ever before known.

### GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Mr. O'Connell took the oaths and his se member from Kilkenny, on the 20th. His act was to present a petition from sundry tors of Dublin, against the return of the members from that city: the very gentlem whose favor the committee had a few day fore reported. He then gave notice, that o 21st June he would move to bring in a bill form the House of Lords. Mr. Grove gave notice, that on the first supply da would move to expunge Mr. O'Connell's n just given, from the journals. The Hous journed to the 30th of May.

The old "Catholic Association" in D which fell to pieces on the passage of the C lic emancipation bill, has been revived meeting was held on the 17th of May, at violent speeches were made by Mr. S others, and open war was declared again peers—or at least against those of them conservatives.

The corporations reform bill for Irelan back to the House of Commons from the of Lords on the 19th, with numerous ments, which Lord John Russell said ha ly changed its character; that the bill, as ed, did in fact destroy the corporations in I and that he never would participate in a sure which deprived Ireland of munic vernment.

Mr. O'Brien, an Irish member, gave that he should move to read the amendm day six months—equivalent to a summ jection.

Mr. Hume said, that the collision betw two Houses had commenced, and that it could only be, organic changes in the H Lords. The amendments were to be con on the 3d of June, when a fierce conflict pected. The plot thickens.

Mr. O'Connell has published a long ad letter to the people of England—the first series—calling upon them to reform the of Lords, as the only means of maintain Union.

The papers notice the large amount continually shipped from England to th try.

The chancellor of the exchequer ha notice of a bill to remove the civil dis affecting the Jews.

May 18th, Sir Andrew Agnew's bi better observance of the Sabbath, was on a second reading, by a vote of 75 to bill appears to have been a very crude

The difficulty between Lord Melbo Mr. Norton, whatever it was, has been modated. The respectable papers say about the duel. His illness is said to hav an attack of quinzy, with a sharp fit of The London Globe says:—The rumor for the last few days respecting a noble a certain l dy of some distinction as a character, will, we have strong reason lieve, shortly receive a direct and indi refutation.

### FRANCE.

The general discussion of the budget w ed in the chamber of deputies on the was admitted that there would be a 1,000,000f. in the revenue for the year 18

Preparations had already been comme Paris for the celebration of the "three The review is to take place in the garde Tuilleries, and not on the boulevards, a fore.

The bill to abolish private lotteries the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of This was thought a foretoken of the fa awaited the gambling houses.

There had been quite a sharp debat Chamber of Deputies, between M. Th his late colleagues, on the subject of his misapplication of money in the comple the public works of the capital. The re a triumph for the minister, the great ma the deputies being decidedly in his favo antagonists were ultimately silenced.

The naval preparations at Toulon w proceeding with great activity.

### SPAIN.

*Sanguinary battle between the Carlists English division under General Evans.*

"On the 5th of May the British Legio Gen. Evans, made a sortie from St. Se They carried, without meeting with any resistance, the first part of the Carlist but the second was defended with obsti

The English Admiral, having landed of the Legion, kept up a well fed fire hour; at 9 o'clock the Carlists fled, aba four pieces of cannon.

General Evans pursued them to which he occupied on the following day.

The English fought with much intre They have lost nearly two hundred me and have had twice as many *wounded.*

The loss of the Carlists has been conside

After carrying the intrenchments of lists, the troops of General Evans stopp venta of Hernani, where they took rest. counts of the 9th, it appears they occup whole of the heights from St. Sebastia venta, where they were fortifying themse Hernani was strengthened on the 7th by rival of three Carlist battalions. Egu gaged in sending seven more in that direc order to attack the English. Segastibel was killed in the affair of the 5th, has be ceeded by Itursa. On the 7th the Brit force stationed at Bilboa received a re ment of 600 marines and several offi reinforcement of 1,000 men has also Bilboa."

By telegraph from Bayonne at Par 19th of May, the unexpected informatio to have been received, that Mendizab the other ministers has resigned, in con of the Queen's refusal that General Quesda and San Roman should be sup command at Madrid. Senor Isturitz have received the Queen's commands new cabinet. Senor Isturitz is an ultr —the head of the movement party, and succeeded in ousting Mendizabal, it is that the constitution of 1812 will be and the chamber of proceres (or peers ed. Much speculation was afloat as to able effect of this change on the policy Philippe, who is not partial to liberalism general impression, however, was, th Queen could not get on without Mend supported as he is by the moderates of ties.

There was a rumor in Paris on the 1 the Carlists had defeated Gen. Cordova persed his army. Another, that Cord consummated his long suspected treach gone over to Don Carlos.

The Carlist account of the battle of S tian varies little from that put forth Evans, except in magnifying the d force and the loss of the British.

At the latest accounts, the British a lists maintained the same position in th bourhood of St. Sebastian. An engage tween the main bodies was, however, daily.

### PORTUGAL.

Considerable alarm and anxiety were in Lisbon, in the early part of May, b den illness of the prince consort, who tacked with a complaint almost precise to that of which his predecessor died. culty arose on a point of court etiq Portuguese court physician insisting scribing for the prince, after the Portu shion, and the latter refusing to take except from the hands of a German who had accompanied him from his nat try. The German was equally resolute ing the exclusive charge of the royal pa taking no part in the matter. The obsti the prince and his physician prevailed, consequence was, as the papers signific lege, that the former was very soon c cent. The prince had already made him popular.

There had been a slight disturbance the northern provinces (Tras-os-montes) dividual having organized a small band illas and proclaimed Don Miguel; but tempt at insurrection was soon put down.

Some idle rumors had been in circula Lisbon, of Don Miguel's having landed in but it was soon found that there was no them.

Some dissatisfaction existed among th lish resident merchants, in consequence expiration of the commercial treaty with land; but affairs generally were in a pro condition.

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A recently published list of newspap British Islands exhibits the following

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| London papers, | Liberal | 21 | Tor |
| English country do. | Liberal | 104 | Tory |
| Scotch, | Liberal | 37 | Tory |
| Wales, | Liberal | 3 | Tory |
| Smaller Islands, | Liberal | 9 | Tory |

About 40 have no politics,

Total papers in G. Britain and Ireland,

MORNING, JUNE 17.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicknell, Publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ASHES | | |
| Pot, ... cwt. | 5 50 | |
| Pearl | 7 50 | |
| BUTTER | | |
| Tub, ... lb. | 17 | 19 |
| Extra keg, No. | | |
| No. 1 | | |
| No. 2 | | |
| COAL | | |
| Lehigh, ... ton | 6 00 | 6 50 |
| Schuylkill | 5 25 | 5 50 |
| COFFEE, duty free | | |
| Java | 13 | 14½ |
| St. Domingo | 11 | 12½ |
| Porto Rico | 12 | 13 |
| Cuba | 12 | 13 |
| Laguira | 12½ | 13 |
| Rio | 12 | 13½ |
| COTTON, duty 3 cts per lb | | |
| Louisiana | 16½ | 21 |
| Mobile | 19 | 20½ |
| N. Ala. and Tenn. | 19 | 20½ |
| S. C. and Geo. | 18 | 20½ |
| N. C. and Va. | 18 | 20½ |
| FREIGHTS | | |
| To Pittsburgh, per canal 100 lbs. | | |
| FLOUR and MEAL | | |
| Superfine ... bbl | | |
| Fine | 6 25 | |
| Rye | 4 62 | |
| Middling | 4 25 | |
| Corn Meal | | |
| do. in hhds | 18 75 | 19 |
| GRAIN | | |
| Rye Pa. | 84 | 85 |
| Rye Southern | 84 | 85 |
| Wheat Pa | 1 30 | 1 40 |
| Do South bush | 1 30 | 1 36 |
| Corn L. C. white | 73 | 75 |
| do. L. C. yellow | 78 | 79 |
| do. U. C. round | 81 | 81 |
| Oats Pa | 43 | 44 |
| Southern | | |
| Barley Eastern | | |
| do. Pa | 77 | 80 |
| HOPS | | |
| 1st sort, 1835, lbs. | 16 | 17 |
| MOLASSES | | |
| New Orleans | | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sugar-house | 48 | 52 |
| do. N. York | 48 | 50 |
| do. Philada. | 48 | 50 |
| do. Steam | 52 | 56 |
| Trinidad | 40 | 42 |
| Porto Rico | 40 | 42 |
| Eng. French Isl. | 33 | 35 |
| Hav & Matanzas | 33 | 35 |
| MACKEREL | | |
| No. 1, bbl. | 10 00 | |
| No. 2 | 9 50 | |
| No. 3 | 5 00 | 5 25 |
| OIL | | |
| Linseed, Am. from store | 1 04 | 1 06 |
| do Dutch | | |
| Whale, gal. | 48 | 53 |
| Sperm winter | 1 00 | |
| do summer | 90 | 95 |
| PLASTER PARIS | | |
| In Del'ware ton | 3 75 | 4 00 |
| In Schuylkill | | |
| SEEDS | | |
| Clover, bush | 4 25 | 4 87½ |
| Flaxseed rough | 1 70 | 1 75 |
| do. clean cask | | |
| Timothy hhd | 2 00 | 3 00 |
| Herds, bush | | |
| Orchard grass | 2 00 | |
| WHISKEY | | |
| Rye in bbls. | | 34 |
| do in hhds | 32 | 33½ |
| do from wagons | 32 | 33 |
| WOOL | | |
| Prime Saxony fleece lb | | 70 |
| Am. wash ful bl'd | 60 | 6 |
| do ¾ blood | 50 | 55 |
| do ½ blood | 45 | 0 |
| do ¼ and com. | 40 | 45 |
| Am unw'sh ful bl'd | 36 | 40 |
| do ¾ blood | 37 | 0 |
| do ½ blood | 36 | 37 |
| do ¼ and com. | 35 | 36 |
| Sup'r. pull'd lambs | 50 | 56 |
| No. 1, do. | 45 | 48 |
| No. 2, do. | 33 | 42 |
| No. 3, do. | 25 | 31 |
| Spa. sheep, R.F.&S. | 80 | 1 00 |
| do lambs | 75 | 1 00 |


ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, June 18, 1836.


Our correspondent at Washington, mentions that Mr. Myers is still an inmate of the jail: he has no less than three names, one of which bears a marvellous resemblance to one of Murel's gang. He braves the matter out, and shams flightiness, or monomania.—The letter adds—

"A man who had been cheated by him, visited him the other day, and asked him, how it happened that he possessed three names. He answered that inasmuch as the Trinity was composed of three persons in one, so he was the incarnation of benevolence, finance, and information, or knowledge. I am sick to see so much credulity and imposition, as stares me in the face wherever I look. We are sinking back into our old quiet. All our subjects of interest are more than nine days old, and cease to attract, or arouse us."

Some difficulty, growing out of a recent debate in the House of Representatives, between Mr. Jenifer of Md. and Bynum of N. C., became so warm that it resulted in a challenge being sent by Mr. Jenifer, and accepted by the member from N. C. The parties met on Tuesday, at Rock Creek, near Washington, accompanied by their respective friends—Messrs. Peyton and Pickens, on the side of Mr. Jenifer; Messrs. Sevier and Hannagan, accompanying Mr. Bynum. The distance selected was ten yards, or thirty feet. After six ineffectual fires, we understand Mr. Bynum came forward in the most honorable manner, and expressed himself in terms which at once settled the difficulty.

### MICHIGAN AND ARKANSAS.

In the House of Representatives on Monday last, the bills for the admission of these two Territories into the Union, were taken up for consideration, and passed a third reading. Both bills having passed without amendment, have no need of being returned to the Senate, and being known to be acceptable to the President, they may be, (says the National Intelligencer,) considered as laws of the land.

The grand jury of St. Louis (Mo.) have had under consideration, the case of McIntosh who was burned to death some weeks since, by the mob in that city. An attempt was made to indict several of the persons known as ring-leaders, but the grand jury have decided, that the deed having been committed by several thousand persons, no half dozen individuals ought to be held responsible. Such a decision, emanating from the censors of the county, shows how impotent are our existing statutes, when brought to bear against popular misrule.

### AFFAIRS IN MARION COUNTY.

A rumour has been for some days current in this city, that disturbances of a serious character, had grown out of the late bloody occurrence, in Marion County, Mo. It is said, that some indiscretion and misplaced zeal, on the part of the students in Marion College, together with the death of Dr. Bosley, so excited the people, that a mob destroyed the college, and inflicted personal chastisement upon several of the individuals connected with it, among others, Dr. Ely. There is no confirmation of these flying reports, up to the 31st ult., the date of our last advices from that quarter, and we most sincerely hope that there is no foundation for the rumour, as if true, the event will have a serious bearing upon the prospects of the new settlers, and retard for some considerable period, the operations of the college. So great was the excitement caused by the death of Dr. Bosley, that all offers of bail made by the friends of Col. Muldrow, were rejected, and he was, after an examination remanded for trial. He is confined in the jail of St. Charles—the one in Marion County, not being considered sufficiently secure. "The result of the visit of the citizens of Palmyra to Marion College, (says the St. Louis Republican of the 31st ult.) is not known; but we presume that nothing was done to injure the college, or the students."

### PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

In the House of Representatives on Saturday, an attempt was made to bring forward the resolutions attached to the report of the Judiciary Committee, on Slavery, but the motion was negatived by a large vote. The house then resumed the consideration of the Mechanics Lien Law, which after many amendments was passed. In the Senate nothing was acted upon definitely. Both houses fixed upon the 16th (Thursday last) to adjourn.

On Monday, the Judiciary resolutions were again brought on the tapis, and elicited considerable debate, in which Messrs. Stevens, Watts and Reed advocated the discussion, but were opposed by Messrs. McGiffin and Spackman, who moved their indefinite postponement, the question was taken on the motion and prevailed by a vote of 42 to 37. The discussion is said to have elicited much interest.

On Tuesday, the house had a numerous quantity, and a variety of qualities of bills before them. Mr. Carson made an attempt to bring up the bills regulating Inns and Taverns within the city and county of Philadelphia, but it was not agreed to. Mr. Hanner of Schuylkill, moved to consider the West Philadelphia Canal Company, but was also unsuccessful.

The civil code bills, an act relating to Elections, and an act relative to referees and arbitrators, passed a final reading. The Apportionment bill was still in the Senate, with but little prospect of its passage for several days to come. The Governor has not yet returned the bill increasing the capital stock of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, and the Moyamensing Bank.

to the correct origin of this term, and we find in the Southern Literary Messenger for May, an ingenious article, in which the author states that this mode of inflicting punishment upon individuals, was first adopted in Virginia, in the year 1780. Without wishing in the slightest degree to detract from the merits of the hypothesis, we hazard the opinion, that more benefit would be derived from the attempt to check its licentious and lawless progress at the present time, than from giving a history of its origin. There is something in this exercise of the Lynching principle so inimical to all social legislation—so injurious in its tendency, and subversive of the rights of individuals, that we tremble while observing the frequency of instances wherein it is made the arbiter of men's reputations, fortunes, and in some cases—by far too frequent—lives. The causes for indignation, may be so aggravated as to excite the fiercest passions, but, while we have laws for the suppression of vice and punishment of rogues, a resort to measures, tending to increase the evil, should never be adopted. Like all popular evils, Lynch law gathers strength from example, and no matter how trivial the popular out burst may have been in a former case; the next is sure to be more heinous, and the consequences more ruinous.—If the web of villainy is so intricately and ingeniously woven, as to set at defiance all legal retribution on the head of its perpetrators, the proper mode would be to provide against any emergency of a similar nature, by rendering the law more rigid, but in no case should a tribunal, acting from impulse and governed in its conduct by inflamed feelings, mete out punishment. The mob may be correct in their views of the heinous nature of an offence, but rarely is the measure of the punishment inflicted, proportioned to the crime. They lose sight in the excitement of the moment of the respect that is due to the laws, to themselves, and to society at large, and proceed to wrongs infinitely more criminal than those they seek to redress. Every reasonable feeling becomes merged in a desire to wreak vengeance upon the objects of their wrath, and from step to step they go on, until a scene of lawless ruin attests the completion of their misguided desires, and stands accusing monuments of their violent disturbance of the peace of the community—

"'Tis ever thus; indulgence spoils the mob,
Raising up pride, and lawless turbulence,
Like noxious vapours from the fulsome marsh."

### THE CROPS.

Letters from Virginia, represent the appearance of the wheat fields, to be truly discouraging. The ravages of the Hessian fly have been so destructive, that not more than one half the usual quantity of wheat will be realized at the coming harvest. In Maryland, and in this state, the prospects are very unfavourable, many of the farmers having ploughed down the ripening grain, as not being worth the reaping. The hail has aided the general destruction, and we may therefore expect a season of scarcity.

### CONGRESS.

It is probable that this body will adjourn on the 4th of July. A motion to that effect was made in the house on Tuesday, and agreed to, without count. It was sent to the Senate, which chamber it is supposed will concur.

### GENERAL HOUSTON, AND THE TEXIANS.

Some misunderstanding seems to have destroyed the friendly relations, that should exist between General Houston and the government of the *republic* of Texas. It is reported, that the former has been superseded in the command of the Texian forces by General Hamilton, late of South Carolina. What credit is to be attached to this ondit, we cannot pretend to say, as there appears to be no more reasonable grounds for the report, than the ambiguity of certain passages in private letters, *said* to have been received from the South, in which it is stated, that general dissatisfaction prevails in Texas against Houston, and that since the affair of San Jacinto, his former popularity is merged in a present feeling of dislike, entertained by the army, as well as others. Among other charges preferred against him, is *cowardice*, and it is said that fear of the Mexicans induced him to retreat so far into the interior, thus leaving the country exposed to the lawless fury of Santa Anna's troops.

These charges seem harsh when preferred by a people, whose fortunes were so enthusiastically upheld by Houston at the season of their greatest peril. If he was not a brave man, he would never have chosen Texas as the theatre of his operations. Cowardice, we think, would be a plant, illy calculated to thrive in the midst of revolutions, where carnage and death presides. If there are any grounds for belief in the statements made, they are most likely the fruits of machinations tending to destroy the popularity of Houston, and rob him of the laurels he has acquired during the present campaign.

"But for Gen. Houston's unaccountable retreat, says a letter writer, in the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer—first from the Gaudaloupe, then from the Colorado, then from the Brasos, nothing would have been destroyed. The position he occupied on the Colorado, was one where he could have maintained himself and kept the enemy back, 200 men to a 1000; and when on the Brasos, he could have prevented them from crossing, or destroyed the whole of them, as easily as they were beaten on the 21st. But he retreated, and kept retreating, and report says, but for the determination of his army to retreat no *further*, he would have kept on to the Sabine. Had he moved one mile further towards the Trinty, from Harrisburg, through the upper route, whole companies were determined on deserting him; so that in a measure he, it is believed, was *compelled to fight*. Gen. H. is highly censured, harshly spoken of, and almost denounced—by some even as a *coward*. All seem to unite in opinion that there was no necessity for his retreating from the Colorado, and much less for his retreat from the Brasos. He has not retrieved his credit at all by the late victory, although he behaved bravely, was wounded through the ankle, and had a horse killed under him. The attack was well-directed; but the route and pursuit were conducted by the Secretary at War, who was on the field, and who, on General Houston's ordering a halt, when the enemy began their retreat, ordered the pursuit—leading in a measure himself. Houston says *he* ordered a halt for the purpose of forming and protecting their camp, which he conceived in danger from the enemy's reinforcements expected, (but which had arrived previous to the battle) under Gen. Cos. Gen. H. further says that he was justifiable in retreating from the Colorado and Brasos—that, although it was reported he had from 1200 to 2000 men, yet his whole effective force never exceeded 500 men at those places—when the enemy was reported to have 2000 men."

### THE CREEK WAR.

No intelligence of moment has been received from the south. On the 30th ult. the Indians were in the neighbourhood of Fort Mitchell, (Ala.) but the presence of the troops stationed there, operated as a check upon the marauders who have become at last aware of the critical nature of their position, and seem disposed to negociate for peace. The Florida campaign, if campaign it can be called, proves what reliance is to be placed in the friendly professions of the Indians, and if they are suffered to pass unpunished for their late flagrant proceedings, they will become emboldened by the lenity exercised towards them, and seize the first opportunity, to again take up arms, and ravage the distant settlements. To accept unconditionally their offers of submission, is to invite fresh outrage, and the only mode that should be adopted, or the only feasible plan, which we can see will have the effect desired, is to make their immediate removal beyond the Mississippi, an express stipulation in all treaties that shall be made. We have inserted a letter from General Scott, in another column which embraces all the information worthy of note, current up to the 3d inst.

Men sometimes think they hate flattery; but they only hate the manner of it.—*Rouchefoucault.*

south Seventh street, the May number of the "American Magazine of useful and Entertaining Knowledge." It contains several excellent wood engravings among them a view of the Pennsylvania Hospital. The reading matter is as usual, varied and interesting.

The June No. of the Knickerbocker was received too late for notice in our paper of last week. It is filled with much interesting matter, and fully sustains the reputation it has acquired as an American monthly of much merit.

Mr. J. R. Pollock, Chesnut street, is the agent.

DEVEREUX BY BULWER.—The Messrs. Harpers have lately issued this highly wrought fiction, which is considered the most powerfully written of all Bulwer's novels. It forms the seventh volume of the uniform republication of his works, and is handsomely got up—the typographical appearance is in keeping with the previous volumes, and the binding is neat and durable.

Perkins in Chesnut street, is agent for the Harper's in this city.

THE BOOK OF FLOWERS.—This is the title of a beautiful volume of 240 pages just published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The book contains upwards of forty handsomely coloured engravings of flowers, with appropriate poetical illustrations selected from the writings of the most distinguished poets. Wordsworth, Montgomery, La Martine, and our favourite Mrs. Hemans have been largely copied from, and there can be no better recommendation given of the work, or its claims to public patronage, than this. The binding is superb. We pronounce the Book of Flowers a perfect gem.

THE PHILADELPHIA BOOK, *or specimens of Metropolitan Literature.*—This volume contains many articles of decided merit, and will be prized by Philadelphians generally for its local character, if not for the intrinsic value of the publication. We observe in glancing over its pages, that the selections have been made with reference to brevity, rather than as affording correct specimens of the writings of our literary citizens. This is a feature in the work which we presume the compiler was obliged to introduce, owing to the limited size of his volume, and much as we must regret that it is so, yet he nevertheless deserves much credit for the very impartial and judicious arrangement he has made. The names of Binney, Duponceau, Chandler, Sergeant &c. &c—names closely connected with our metropolitan literature, and esteemed as essayists of a high intellectual order are in themselves sufficient to recommend this volume to the library of every citizen. Borodino, by Thomas Faber is an excellent poetical production. It has a spice of Campbell in its easy flow, and graceful versification. Wissahiccon, by Benj. Matthias, was published some months since in this paper, and is a descriptive piece reflecting great credit on its author. Our limits will not allow us to particularise many other articles of an equally meritorious character. The following from the pen of Robert Morris, is so worthy of the high character acquired by that gentleman as a poet, that we take pleasure in inserting it.

### THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,
For thou art all too pure to linger here;
Life's joyous sands to thee have fleetly run,
And sorrow's hand hath made thy being sear—
Thy girlhood was a pure and artless dream,
And many a sunny hope has thrilled thy breast,
And many an air-blown bubble gilt life's stream,
Flash'd for a moment—broke, and sunk to rest—
Emblems of youth and liveliness were they,
And like hope's fairy visions pass'd away.

I would that thou wert dead, forsaken girl,
That high pale brow enshrined within the tomb;
For as with gentle winds a-ll waters curl,
So fades at sorrow's touch young beauty's bloom—
Thou art too pure and fair for this cold earth,
A thing too guiltless long to dwell below,
Thy voice has lost its cadences of mirth,
The glory has departed from thy brow,
And youth's pure bloom has left thy virgin heart,
And beauty like a phantom will depart.

I would that thou wert dead, for life to thee
Is as a broken reed—a withered flower;
Dark shadows rest upon thy destiny,
And storms of fate around thy fortunes lower—
Wedded to one thy bosom cannot love,
Banished from him thine every thought employs,
Thou art in heart a bruised and wounded dove,
And earth to thee can yield no future joys,
Wearily passes life and time with thee;
A dusky shadow dims thy destiny.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,
And thy bright spirit disenthralled of clay;
E'en as the dew-drops wastes beneath the sun,
Thou by disease thy being wastes away—
Oh, who that knew thee when thou wert a child,
With a glad voice and heaven unfolding eye,
A creature as the snow flake undefiled,
With a bright lip and cheek of rosy dye,
Oh, who that knew thee then, can see thee now,
Nor wonder for the beauty of thy brow.

I would that thou wert dead, and sanctified—
Thy spirit with high elements is fraught,
And that which scorn and cruelty defied,
The lingering stealth of pale disease has wrought—
Yes, death is near thee now, sweet Genevieve,
And thou shalt haste to meet him with a smile;
It is in vain thy gentle sisters grieve,
Thy soul shall soon flee by each a rry isle,
That glitters brightly through the calm blue skies,
Like white lids lifted from pure spirit's eyes.

Thou soon shalt die, sweet martyr, and the earth
Will nurture gentle flowers above thy grave,
Sweet emblems of thy being and thy birth,
With cypress leaves around thy tomb shall wave—
And when the pensive stranger wanders nigh,
His lips shall waft a tributary prayer,
For her who soon shall prematurely die,
For her whose seraph form shall moulder there—
Farewell, sweet Genevieve—'tis sad to part,
Farewell, thy beauty shrouds a breaking heart.

*Watkins Tottle, and other sketches by Boz.—Carey Lea & Blanchard.*

These sketches originally published in one of the English Magazines, are strictly what the writer terms them "illustrative of every day life and every day people." The humour of the author, mixed up with much shrewed observations of popular follies, has enabled him to furnish us with an interesting *melange* of satire and severe criticism upon all classes of society, interspersed with occasional recitals of a melancholy cast, calculated to awaken our warmest feelings, for the experience of every member of the community will cause him to acknowledge that the scenes and events which are in these volumes described, are by no means of rare occurrence in real life. The rapid transition from gay to grave, with which the work abounds, gives it an enigmatical complexion, but in nowise injuring it as an embodied production. We have marked a chapter for our next paper, which for its faithfulness to life and real beauty will be read with interest.

From Raumer's England, lately published in this city we extract some facts connected with the population of Great Britain, showing the increase up to 1831, and also the effects produced by different business pursuits—local influences, and physical well being, upon human life. We subjoin them for the benefit of our readers.

The population of Great Britain (exclusive of Ireland) amounted in

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1801 | to | 10,942,000 |
| 1811 | " | 12,609,000 |
| 1821 | " | 14,391,000 |
| 1831 | " | 16,537,000 |
| And Ireland | " | 8,000,000 |

There were 10,000 females born to 10,435 males.

This increase of population is not in an inverse ratio with their physical well-being. On the contrary, they are, on the whole, better fed, clothed, lodged, &c. than before.

People in the country live longer than those in towns, but the increase of population in the latter, has far exceed that in the former. In England, the men employed in agriculture are now 28 per cent.; in Ireland, 64 per cent.

| | England. | Ireland. |
|---|---|---|
| In trade and manufactures, | 42 per ct. | 18 per ct. |
| Other employments, | 30 " | 18 " |

From 1780 to 1826 the yearly increase of the population was 180,000 souls; but that of the productive power, especially by means of machinery, 680,000, consequently the surplus produce was much greater. Three centuries ago, perhaps 80 or 90 per cent. of the men were employed in husbandry, and did not create so large a surplus produce as the 28 per cent. do now. While the increase of population has been, since 1780 about 90 per cent., the increase of agricultural production has been 86 per cent., and that of manufacturing and commercial production, 400 per cent. The population was,

| | 1831 | 1832. | Incr. pr. ct. |
|---|---|---|---|
| In London and its suburbs | 1,225000 | 1,477,000 | 20 |
| Manchester | 154,000 | 237,000 | 42 |
| Glasgow | 147,000 | 202,000 | 38 |
| Liverpool | 131,000 | 189,000 | 44 |
| Edinburgh | 138,000 | 162,000 | 18 |
| Birmingham | 106,000 | 142,000 | 33 |
| Leeds | 83,000 | 123,000 | 49 |
| Bristol | 87,000 | 103,000 | 19 |

The average increase of population in these cities was 25 per cent., but for the whole of England, only 15 per cent.

The sure way to be cheated, is to fancy ourselves more cunning than others.—*Roubhefoucault.*

Dear Sir—We are again visited by fair weather, and bright sunshine; truly it has not come a moment too soon; you have probably remarked that certain animals, are very sulky and cross in bad weather, I believe men may be classed in the barometer genus, for they are of all animals, the most wolfish, fractious and intractible, during a protracted season of bad weather. I do not know what disastrous consequences would have arisen, if the rains and fogs had not departed; I have heard of two or three duels that were coming on, and two or three matches that were going off, it was dangerous to look or speak to some people, for fear of a blow or a challenge, but the face of nature and the face of affairs are changed, and after a few days, the mists will be cleared from the Capitol, as well as the city.

The Senate on Monday, was employed most of the day, upon the Pre-emption Bill; seventeen bills from the House, (relief bills) were passed. The Senate then went into Executive Business, and adjourned as soon as the doors were opened.

In the House on Monday, Mr. Mason brought up a bill for the relief of Messrs. Letcher and Moore. You will recollect that both gentlemen claimed to be elected from the Fifth District in Kentucky; the House wintered and summered upon the business, and in June, just before the House adjourned, decided that they knew nothing about the business, and, as in the case of Newland, this winter sent both of them home to take the sense of the district. After more dispute than the thing was worth, the committee rose and reported progress; the speaker resumed his chair, and after much wrangling the bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

On Tuesday the members continued cross, and determined to drive on as fast as they could, to get home, and see if it was as bad weather there; every bill that came before them, felt their fury, being cut and slashed without mercy. Mr. Vinton made a reasonable proposition, which as it seems to me quite solitary, I will take care of. "It was" the Hon. Gentleman remarked, "a provision of the House, that members absent on leave should be paid," now he wished to add the words "on business of Congress;" as when members were absent on their own affairs, he saw no reason why they should be paid." The House took the alarm, and postponed the subject.—The House then proposed to think about adjourning, but the majority would not hear of it.

On motion of Mr. Cambreleng, the House proceeded to the orders of the day. The first business was the Land Bill, after some debate the question was taken, to refer it to the Committee of the Whole, the vote was, yeas 97, nays 96. The speaker being entitled by the rules of the House to vote, which his vote would make it equal, voted in the negative, so the motion was lost. The question then recurred to referring it to the committee on the Public Lands. Several gentlemen addressed the House upon the subject, until the hour of one o'clock, when the chairman announced the special order, which was the Fortification Bill.

A rather long debate ensued, in which many gentlemen took part, till Mr. Kinnard moved the previous question, which the House would not sustain, so Mr. Kinnard thought if the House wanted to hear a speech he would give them one, and forthwith commenced a short speech, spicy and well seasoned.—Messrs. Lane, Hawes, Warden, Boon, Parker and Briggs, continued the debate, when Mr. Cambreleng moved that the bill be made the special order of the day, for Friday next, which was agreed to. The Speaker communicated a petition from the Secretary of the Treasury, in answer to a resolution of the House, calling for information relative to the damage sustained by the Permanent Bridge, in consequence of the late flood, accompanied by an estimate of the amount necessary for its repair. Referred to the committee on the District of Columbia.

On Wednesday, the House passed a bill for repealing "so much of the act of March 2d, 1799, as respects the issuing certificates on the importation of wines."

On motion of Mr. Sutherland, the bill to regulate the compensation of the officers of the revenue cutters, was taken up on its third reading, some remarks were made by several gentlemen; then Mr. Gillet, made some very important observations on the subject, in favor of the bill. The bill was finally passed, yeas 146, nays 52.

The Michigan and Arkansas bills were then brought up; in the debate that ensued, most of the speaking members took a part, and kept up the bill, till at half past six the House adjourned.

In Senate on Wednesday, after some other business the amendments of the House to the Indian Appropriation Bill were agreed to. By these amendments we are bound to furnish $2000 worth of muskets for the Potawatamies, and pay the expenses of the Cherokee delegations.

On motion of Mr. Calhoun, the Senate took up the bill prohibiting deputy Post Masters from distributing incendiary publications, which have been sent through the mails, and after a debate in which the bill was supported by Messrs Buchanan, Calhoun, Cuthbert, Walker and Grundy, and opposed by Messrs. Webster, Davis, Clay, Morris, and Ewing, of Ohio, it was rejected by the following vote, yeas, Messrs. Black, Brown, Calhoun, Cuthbert, Grundy, King, of Alabama, King, of Georgia, Mangum, Moore, Nicholas, Porter, Preston, Rives, Robinson, Talmadge, Walker, White and Wright—19.

Nays, Messrs. Benton, Clay, Crittenden, Davis, Ewing, of Ill. Ewing, of Ohio, Goldsborough, Hendricks, Hubbard, Kent, Knight, Leigh, McKean, Morris, Naudain, Niles, Prentiss, Ruggles, Shepley, Southard, Swift, Tipton, Tomlinson, Wall, and Webster—25.

The Senate adjourned after deciding that the Deposit Bill should be taken up to-morrow.

In the House on Thursday, Mr. R. M. Johnson from the committee on military affairs, reported the following Senate bills without amendments, viz. A bill for the appointment of additional surgeons in the army. A bill making appropriations for the collecting of materials, purchasing sites for fortifications, and other purposes, and

A bill for the establishment of a depot of arms, on the eastern frontier of the State of Missouri, which bills were severally committed. A number of bills reported for relief of different persons, were read and committed, Mr. Gillet reported a bill, to fix the number and compensation of the offices of the customs, and to all certain collection districts, which was read twice and committed. A mass of bills and reports were read and acted upon, among them was a joint resolution, for the appointment of a joint committee, to contract with one or more American artists for the execution of four historical paintings, to be placed in the vacant pannels of the rotunda of the capitol.

Mr. Sevier called for the orders of the day, being the Michigan and Arkansas bills. As to giving you an account of what was said and done, I cannot think of attempting it, only the majority were determined to sit till they hatched something or other. The debate was kept up with great perseverance, till it was discovered that no quorum was present, a call of the House was began and the Sergeant at Arms commenced his labours, and succeeded in dragging the steady members out of bed and the unsteady wherever he could find them, till after some hours, the further call was dispensed with, as they had collected a quorum, and as for the eighty missing the House willingly excused them. The House then went at it again, a Mr. Harlan, of, I dont know where, made a sort of speech on the occasion, I cannot give much account of what he said, for he spoke rather indistinctly, he was to be excused to be sure, for it was very late, (or rather early) and he was probably half *asleep*, though illnatured persons might think otherwise. Mr. Jenifer also made an intemperate speech, and kept the other members employed in calling him to order, he was indecorously personal. Mr. Wise got the floor at last, and addressed the House in his usual *chaste and temperate stile*, he accused the members of having been sleepy, tired and drunk, and though the whole might be too true with regard to some of his friends, yet he should not have been the first to expose them. He said moreover that he should speak till 10 o'clock, the hour of meeting the House, or till the hour of special order. So he went on prosing and chatting—God knows what he said, for I believe nobody troubled themselves to listen, those members who wanted a nap, composed themselves over their desks and were lulled to sleep by the ripple of the wise acqueduct. Mr. McKennon, who could not sleep easily, moved that the committee rise, report proceedings, and that the House adjourn, But no! Mr. Wise proclaimed in triumph that he had it now in his power to have his will, and so help him God, he would avail himself of it. He continued speaking against time, till it was time for the House to meet, when he called upon the Speaker to assume his seat, but alas! for the poor gentleman, his wise plan had failed, the speaker rose in his place and pointed to a rule that ordered him to take the chair at the hour to which the House had adjourned, the last day of its sitting; and as the House had not adjourned he could not take his seat until it had, so the debate was still free, this was an unpalatable pill, but the gentleman was forced to swallow it, which with a tremendous wry face, he did, and concluded his remarks.

Mr. McKennon then remarked that they had been in session for twenty-five hours, and he hoped as it was an evident determination of the majority to pass these bills that the House would make a final disposition of them immediately. This was agreed to and the committee rose and reported the bill to the House at 11 o'clock, A. M.

On Saturday the House met, and began to read the journal, when two gentlemen who report for some of the papers, took occasion to finish a quarrel they had commenced the day before in the Senate, by one of them caning the other. The Sergeant-at-Arms took one into custody immediately, and after some debate the other, on the principle of the old Dutch Justice of the Peace, who ordered both plaintiff and defendant to be whipped, and the constable to pay the costs—what they will do with them, I dont know, but I suppose they will be expelled from the Hall for the remainder of the season. The House has appointed a committee to search into the business, so I suppose this will be the result.

Some conversation took place upon the Pension Bills, and some amendments agreed to. About one hundred and six or seven bills, were taken up and considered, some were laid aside, for further consideration, some were engrossed for a third reading, after some memorials, &c. the House adjourned. I have not time or inclination to write all they did or said, in the Senate, but I must inform you of a most terrible encounter, that took place on Tuesday morning, between the Hon. Mr. Bynum, and the Hon. Mr. Jenifer, they met at the race course, and then, and there, with malice afore-thought, and instigated by the devil, did fire at each other—no—not at each other, but at random, six shots each! They should be sent to West Point, to learn how to hold a pistol! The cause of the quarrel was a something said by Mr. Jenifer the other night, that offended Mr. Thomson, so as Mr. Thomson was offended, Mr. Bynum fought.

### THEATRICAL.

The Arch street Theatre closed on the evening of the 14th inst. and the Chesnut street house was opened on the 13th. This week has been one of Benefits.—On Monday, the veteran Wood appeared as a beneficiare, and provided a rich treat for the occasion, in the person of Mr. & Mrs. Ternan. On Wednesday Mr. Walton's benefit drew a good house. On Thursday Mrs. Jones attracted a large audience for her benefit. Mrs. Walstein took a benefit on Friday evening, and a full house was the result. To-night, Burton the inimitable Burton, will display his powers, and we have no doubt, will be handsomely rewarded for his efforts to please. It is his benefit night, and he has provided a bill of fare which promises much. In the course of the evening, he will recite his edition of the "Philadelphia Directory," comprising a laughable detail of Philadelphia favourites—the dramatic stars of this season, and those of next year. It is said to be irresistably ludicrous.

At the American Theatre, Walnut street, Richard Penn Smith's tale of the Actress of Padua, was produced in a dramatic dress on Monday. It is highly graphic, and abounds in scenes of interest and beauty. The scenic accompaniments are said to be in good keeping—and large audiences attest its popularity. A benefit was given to the author on Wednesday evening—the house was respectable. The drama of Brian Boroihme, has been performed for several nights, and meets with much success. The characters are well represented, and the arrangements in good style.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

### POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

"Sure the people's bewitched this blessed night—I've me hands chuck full already, and more's coming in 'em. I've already lodged six critters in the watchus. Two are *gardeners*, who had been *moistening* their *clay* with a little *mountain dew*, but it weighed down the *plants*; so I *transplanted* them into the watchus. O! it's too wet they were intirely. The next was a shoemaker, who fancied the bricks lap stones, and was hammering away for dear life—strike, strike, strike—he was *nailed up*, *sewed up*, and *sworn* by St. Crispin, if I tuk him he would *leather* me; so I just gave him a decent bit of a *welting* to privint his obstropolousness, and left him with the gardeners. Then I came up to a tailor, who was sitting cross-legged in the middle of the road. O! by de powers, said he, what a *goose* I was to quit bed and board, and *shear* off from my better half—*my cabbage* never be my portion again if Mrs. Snip dont *skewer* me into a *remnant* for this. "Mr. Snip," says I, "is it you." "It is," says he. "I'll give you board and cabbage you myself." "Thank you," says he,—so I put him with the rest. The fifth parson was a *polly tition*—"I'll go the whole hog," says he, and with that he sprawled whole length in the gutter. "There's no mistake in me." "Damned a ha 'porth," says I, "but what the devil are you doing here? bad luck to ye," "I've come to vote," says he. "Then I'll be after first taking you to the right place," says I, "you've made a small bit of a little mistake; this is not the place, at all, at all." "Damn the place," says he, "what do I care for place." "O may be its all the same," says I. "I'll go the whole hog," says he, "no mistake in me." "To be sure not," says I, as I turned him in with the rest and left him to explain the nature of his *polly ticks* to them. The sixth was a bit of a religionist who exhorted me to deal tinderly with a fallen lamb. "The flesh is weak," says he, "but the spirit is strong." "Where did you get it," says I, "at Kerrison's," says he. "O to be sure it is mighty strong at that same place"—and I walked him off and left him praching to the rest in the watchus.

This was said by a redoubtable son of the Emerald isle to a brother watchman on duty; but scarcely had he finished his narrative of his night's adventures ere a shout, long and loud, assailed his ears and off he set like a war horse at the sound of a trumpet. "Who goes there?" said the voice of one high in spirit, but low in body, aye low and lowly, for the short statured was measuring his little length on the ground.

"It's I sure, the watchman."
"Stand!"
"That's more than you can do."
"Friend or foe?"
"That's as you behave yourself. Who are you?"
"Houston!"
"Thunder and fire, the *giniral*?"
"The same, the infernal Mexicans have wounded me in the leg, but I whipped them. Texas for ever, hurrah."
"And so the blackguards hurt you in the head, the leg I mane, but it's all one."
"To be sure it is, liberty or death to the soul of a brave—Liberty and death."
"But hadn't your giniralship better have your leg dressed?"
"Liberty and death."
"O to be sure."
"Independence—Texas—Santa Anna."
"That's the boy."
"What's the boy?"
"Santa Anna."
"I shot him in the leg, I'm Houston—General Houston—Liberty and Death—Texas—Independence—Hurrah."

"There's some recruits giniral," said the polite, watchman, thrusting his drunken self deluded, companion into the *watchus* with the gardeners, the shoemaker, the tailor, the *polly tition* and the religionist.

"O! but its work, intirely," said he, as he strolled forth to look out for number eight.

COMMUNICATION.

### ELOCUTION.

Mr. Editor:—Impressed with the value of education, and inclined to contribute aught in my power to aid those who are in the pursuit of its benefits, allow me, through your columns, to make a public expression of my sentiments, regarding the character of Dr. Andrew Comstock, as a teacher of elocution, and its kindred branches. Having been a common inmate in the Doctor's office for many weeks, examined his publications and diagrams, and witnessed his method of instruction, with the cheering success by which it has been characterized, I write understandingly upon this occasion.

From the Doctor's knowledge of our organs of speech, of their diseases and remedies, and the best mode of imparting to them vigour and activity—from his knowledge of the laws of sound, ample experience in his present vocation, joined with his acknowledged integrity, I am persuaded he is eminently qualified to sustain his highest pretensions as a scientific and practical elocutionist.

Dr. Comstock's mode of instruction is founded in the philosophy of his subject,—is abundantly successful in its application—stands the scrutiny of talents—challenges the confidence of society.

Graduates from our halls of science, gentlemen of the learned professions—ladies of cultivated minds, have been pleased to testify the essential advantage they have derived from his lectures.

I have myself been much delighted in seeing the rapid, material, and oftimes complete improvement which unfortunate stammerers have made, under his tuition, in their enunciation—while teacher and pupils cordially indulged their mutual congratulations.

June 18th, 1836—1t* A CLERGYMAN.

### RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *June 10, received from* | | Joseph Burton, Esq. | 5 00 |
| C. G. Joy, Esq. | $5 00 | Samuel Watson, Esq. | 2 00 |
| R. Murchison, Esq. | 3 00 | James Knight, Esq. | 7 00 |
| J. W. Williamson Esq. | 5 00 | Geo. M. Fleming, Esq. | 2 00 |
| S. A. Cunningham, esq. | 1 00 | *June 14,* | |
| T. Burnham, Esq. | 5 00 | W.C. Dusemberry, esq. | 2 00 |
| J. W. Brooker, | 3 00 | E. Brigham, Esq. | 2 00 |
| *June 11,* | | *June 15,* | |
| Simeon Horne, | 50 00 | Cesr Keeler, Esq. | 2 00 |
| Allan Pollock, Jr. | 100 00 | C. Burnett, Esq. | 10 00 |
| Joseph Warner, | 5 00 | Jos. Goulburn, Esq. | 2 00 |
| Seth Morely, | 5 00 | J. H. Purnell, Esq. | 2 00 |
| J. A. Douglass, Esq. | 1 00 | S. Pentecost, Esq. | 2 00 |
| M. Converse, Esq. | 4 00 | W. G. Clark, Esq. | 2 00 |
| J. S. Lambdin, Esq. | 2 00 | H. R. J. Whitaker, | 5 00 |
| J. McLallen, Esq. | 3 00 | *June 16,* | |
| S. Wescott, Esq. | 2 00 | Erastus Cushing, | 5 00 |
| *June 13,* | | M. Stephenson, | 3 00 |
| H. T. Smith, | 5 00 | P. J. Trommell, | 2 00 |
| James Walrath, | 2 00 | Daniel Dobler, | 5 00 |
| P. Robinson, Esq. | 5 00 | Alex H. Wood, | 25 00 |
| C. Stewart, Esq. | 2 00 | S. D. Viaux, Esq. | 2 00 |
| P. B. Lowe, Esq. | 2 00 | H. S. Beekes, Esq. | 2 00 |
| P. M. (Catskill, N.Y.) | 2 00 | Sam'l Phillips, Esq. | 2 00 |
| D. Mapes, Esq. | 2 00 | W. B. Collar, Esq. | 5 00 |
| J. Wunderlich, Esq. | 5 00 | | |

### SALES OF STOCKS.

*This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers.*

| | | | price sold for. | par |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1282 | shares | United States Bank, | 122a125 | 100 |
| 238 | do. | Mechanic's Bank, | 60a62½ | 35 |
| 637 | do. | Girard Bank, | 60a61½ | 50 |
| 49 | do. | Schuylkill Bank, | 61 | 50 |
| 10 | do. | Man. & Mechanics Bank, | 61½ | 50 |
| 37 | do. | Philadelphia Bank, | 111 | 100 |
| 2 | do. | Farm. & Mech. Bank, | 66½ | 50 |
| 13 | do. | Commercial Bank, | 65 | 50 |
| 3175 | do. | Del. & Hudson Canal, | 96a101 | 100 |
| 1779 | do. | Norristown Rail Road, | 50½a52½ | 50 |
| 100 | do. | Beaver Meadow, | 50 | 50 |
| 10 | do. | Spring Garden Fire In. Co. | 30 | 30 |
| 79 | do. | Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co. | 81½a82 | 50 |
| 350 | do. | Morris Canal, | 95a97½ | 100 |
| 26 | do. | Schuylkill Nav. Co. | 161a162 | 100 |
| 50 | do. | Philadelphia Savings, | 29 | 25 |
| 37 | do. | Valley Rail Road, | 1 | 5 |
| 17 | do. | New Castle Rail Road, | 35a35½ | 25 |
| 10 | do. | West Chester Rail Road, | 26 | 50 |
| $30,000 | | Drafts on New York, | 100 | 100 |
| $1435 | | Lehigh, 6 per cts. 1839 | 101 | 100 |


### Wanted.

A NUMBER of Pantaloons Vest and Shirt Makers. Apply at No. 8 Franklin Place near Chesnut street. Constant employment will be given to good hands. jn 4—3t

**Will close on Saturday, 25th inst.**

### MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION.

*Union Building, N. E. corner 8th and Chesnut.*

MR. MAELZEL respectfully informs the public, that his exhibition will be continued a short time longer, previous to its FINAL REMOVAL TO EUROPE, and to comply with the request of a number of gentlemen, he will exhibit the original and celebrated

*AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER,*

In connection with the Melodium, the Mechanical Theatre, An emotive Trumpeter, the speaking Figures and Black Rope Dancers, the Grand Tournament and Pyric Fires.

Performance every evening, at 8 o'clock, precisely.

Admittance 50—children half price. ap 30—tf

McMakin's N. L. News Room, 213 N. Third st.
Snyder's Bookstore, Second, above Pine street.
Morgan's do. No. 17 South Third street,
Carlisle's do. 78 Race street.
John Wise's Boot and Shoe store, 444 Market street.
Mrs. McWilliam's Variety Store, 83 N. Fifth street
Wm. Banch's Grocery, corner Fifth and Jackson st.
P. & S. Veneman, S. W. corner of 9th and Locust.


### ALMANAC.

| JUNE, 1836. | SUN RISES. | SUN SETS. | HIGH WATER | MOON'S PHASES | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | D. | H. | M. |
| 18 SATURDAY, | 4 35 | 7 25 | 5 25 | | | | |
| 19 SUNDAY, | 4 35 | 7 25 | 6 8 | | | | |
| 20 MONDAY, | 4 35 | 7 25 | 6 56 | | | | |
| 21 TUESDAY, | 4 35 | 7 25 | 7 4 | Full | 29 | 3 | 53 |
| 22 WEDNESDAY, | 4 35 | 7 25 | 8 25 | Last | 8 | 2 | 23 |
| 23 THURSDAY, | 4 35 | 7 25 | 9 11 | New | 14 | 12 | 3 |
| 24 FRIDAY, | 4 35 | 7 25 | 10 4 | First | 22 | 12 | 31 |
| 25 SATURDAY, | 4 35 | 7 25 | 10 54 | | | | |


**Saving Fund Society.—The Northern** Liberty, Kensington and Spring Garden Saving Fund Society, receives deposites on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, from 3 o'clock, P. M. until 6, at their office, No. 10 North Third, below Green street.


### MARRIAGES.

On the 16th inst. by John Swift, Esq. John Woodall, to Ann Matilda, daughter of the late Andrew Calley, Esq. all of Dover, Del.

On Sunday evening, 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Demme, Mr. Elias Younger, to Miss Ester Engard, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, 22d ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Thomas Hope Palmer, of the District of Southwark, to Ann A. Palmer, of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. W. C. Mead, D. D. Mr. J. H. Baker, to Mrs. Ellen Schott, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Kennedy, Esq. of this city.

By the Rev. M. Hurley, D. D. John Kernan, Esq. to the amiable Miss Isabella Laferty, both of the N. Liberties.

On Thursday evening, 9th inst. by the Rev. W. McCalla, Mr. George Dippell, to Miss Maria Notson, all of Southwark.

On Thursday, 2d inst. by the Rev. John Decker, David W. Gemmell, to Elizabeth B. daughter of the late John Hamilton, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday, the 17th May, by the Rev. Alvin H. Parker, Mr. S. Adams, to Miss Mary M. Evens, of this city.

In Philadelphia, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Jacob Medtart, Mr. William Bonnell, of Clinton, Huntendon co. to Miss Margaret Hinchman, of Salem co. both of New Jersey.

On Thursday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. Zelotes Fuller, Mr. William Cuthbert, of Powellton, late of this city, to Miss Maria, third daughter of John Pray, Esq. of the Northern Liberties.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Benjamin Hartly, to Miss Ellen Barten, both of Kensington.

In Boston, by the Rev. Mr. Mothrop, Nathaniel Chauncey, of Philadelphia, to Elizabeth Sewell, daughter of Samuel Salisbury, Esq.

### DEATHS.

On Third-day morning, 14th inst. Miriam, wife of Mordecai Simmons, in the 52d year of her age.

On Monday afternoon, in the 72d year of his age, Mr. Alexander Greaves, Sen.

On Tuesday morning, 14th inst. Charles, infant son of David and Mary Schaffer, aged 6 weeks.

In this city, on Sunday evening, 12th inst. of debility, Mr. Eppes Faskell, a native of Gloucester, Massachusetts in the 62d year of his age.

On Wednesday, 8th inst, at the residence of his son-in-law, Bordentown, N. J. Mr. Aaron M. Phillips, formerly of Trenton, N. J. in the 52d year of his age.

On Saturday morning the 11th inst. Adeline Rachel Daugherty, aged 26 years.

On Monday morning, Mr. Wm. Fitler, in the 51st year of his age.

On Monday morning, 13th inst. Francis Brown, in the 77th year of his age.

On First-day evening, 12th inst. Emma, daughter of Benjamin Taylor, in the 21st year of her age.

On Monday morning, 13th inst. Mrs. Gertrude Morris, in the 83d year of her age.

On Sunday, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Hezekiah Heppard, in the 64th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. Albert, son of Mr. Philip S. and Mary Clawges, aged 4 years and 4 days.

On first day afternoon, the 11th instant, at Weston School, Abraham G. McIlvaine, son of Hugh McIlvaine, of West Philadelphia, in the 16th year of his age.

On Friday morning, at 9 o'clock, Florence Perit, son of Samuel Keemle, aged 2 months and 29 days.

On Friday morning, the 10th inst. in the 51st year of her age, Mrs. Letitia Borden, wife of Francis Borden.

On Sunday evening, 12th inst. of debility, Mr. Eppes Faskell, a native of Gloucester, Massachusetts, in the 62d year of his age.

In Frankford, on the 10th inst. Edwin B. only son of John Rorer, in the 24th year of his age.

On Wednesday, 8th inst. in New Castle, county Del. near Newark, in the 72d year of his age, Mr. Charles Le Huray, son of Mr. Nicholas Le Huray, Sen. formerly of this city. The deceased left his home in perfect health the preceding day, when he was thrown from his horse, and so severely injured that he never spoke afterwards.

Of Consumption, near Wilmington, Delaware, on the 7th inst. Jane Heron, aged 28, wife of George Baron, and daughter of William and Mary Lawson, all natives of Yorkshire, England.

In New Orleans, on Tuesday, 24th ult. Mr. Jacob Hart, a native of Chesnut Hill, near Philadelphia. Mr. Hart was a member of the Louisiana Volunteers, and his sickness and death were induced by the extreme hardship and suffering to which that gallant band were exposed in their late campaign in Florida. He was buried by his late associates, in the Presbyterian burial ground of New Orleans, with the honors of war.


### Ohio Lands

WILL be attended to by the undersigned, residing in Columbus, in that state. He will sell lands on commission, make investments in public lands, if desired, redeem lands sold for taxes, prosecute those who choose to abide a legal investigation, &c. &c.

For the next three weeks, address the subscriber, at Mrs. Gould's, Philada. 4th st. near Spruce—or enquire at the office of the Saturday Evening Post—afterwards, communications directed to Columbus, Ohio, post paid, to ROBERT WARE. jn 18—3m*

### Notice.

RAN AWAY from the Subscribers, on the morning of the 31st ult., a bound white girl, named Eliza Henley,—short and stout, about 17 years of age, and walks rather lame. This is to caution all persons from harboring or trusting her on my, or my mother's account. SARAH ANN WILLINGTON. ELIZABETH LETTS. jn 18—1t No. 187 South 3d street.

### Ten Dollars Reward!

RAN AWAY from the Subscriber, on the 30th of April, 1836, ROBERT JAMES CAMPBELL, an indented apprentice to the Cordwaining business, between 18 and 19 years of age, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, stout built, of a light complexion, and remarkably quiet good disposed boy. The above reward will be paid to any person who shall lodge said boy in Cecil county jail, and all reasonable charges if brought home. All persons are forewarned not to harbor or employ said boy, at the peril of the law. NATHAN GRIFFITH. Brick Meeting House, Cecil co. Md.

IMPORTANT!!!

### Lee's Roach & Bed-bug Destroyer.

MOST articles sold for the destruction of vermin, are variously disguised poisons, dangerous and even fatal to the human species. This preparation, however, without endangering the lives of children and other incautious persons, is no less fatal to vermin than arsenic itself. Price, 25 cents—or $2 per dozen. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor's sole Agent, JAMES GLENN. jn 18—3t 33 south 8th st. Union Buildings, Phila.

### A View of the North Pole,

*With Captain Ross's Interview with the Esquimaux Indians—and*

Diorama, Sansom Street,

NOW OPEN.

The peculiar arrangement of these highly interesting pictures, lead the mind to view them as subjects of reality. Admittance, to both pictures, 25 cents. jn 18—tf

### Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Hezekiah Estlack, late of New Jersey, deceased, are requested to make payment, and all those having demands against the said estate, will please present them for settlement to THOMAS ESTLACK, Sixth st. 7th North Chesnut, GEORGE ESTLACK, No. 190 north 9th. Executors. jn 11—6t*

### PROPOSALS,

By Judah Dobson, Bookseller,

*No. 106 Chesnut street, Philada.*

FOR publishing, by subscription, the whole works, of the late eminent Dr. John Witherspoon, D.D. L.L.D. one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, including several pieces not contained in former editions, and a memoir of his life and times, together with an accurate likeness, from a painting by Peale. Edited by Dr. Ashbel Green.

CONDITIONS.

1. The work will be published in three large octavo volumes, on fine paper, and with new type, and will be delivered to subscribers at the very low rate of five dollars per copy, bound in cloth backs, payable on delivery.

2. Any individual becoming responsible for five copies, will be entitled to a copy of the work gratis.

3. The work will be put to press as soon as six hundred subscribers are obtained, and will be delivered as soon after as practicable.

The Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green of Philadelphia, is now employed in repairing the Life of Dr. Witherspoon, referred to in these proposals. He is engaged to act as the editor of the publication, to superintend the press, and see that the numerous errors of former editions are corrected. He will probably, also, supply a few additional notes, and use his best endeavours that this edition of Dr. Witherspoon's works shall appear in a style worthy of their author and gratifying to subscribers.

Subscriptions are respectfully solicited. All communications addressed to Judah Dobson, Chesnut street, Philadelphia, will meet immediate attention. jn 4—tf

MR. MURDOCH'S BENEFIT.

This Evening, Saturday, June 18th, 1836,

Will be acted the play of

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

Valcour, Mr. J. E. Murdoch—Durimel, Mr. Conner—Bertha, Miss Waring.

After which, the Drama of

NORMAN LESLIE.

Norman Leslie, ............ Mr. Conner.

Mr. Conner's Benefit on Monday.

### Theatre, Chesnut Street.

MR. BURTON'S BENEFIT.

This Evening, Saturday, June 18th, 1836,

Will be presented (first time) the NEW COMEDY of

THE DUDDLESTONES,

Or, The Queen and the Breeches Maker.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Burton will publish his edition of the Philadelphia Directory, or guide to the public places buildings, hotels, &c. with a list of Philadelphia favorite, dramatic stars of the present day, and those of next year.

To conclude with the new and funny Farce of

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

Jem Bags, with several Solos on the Clarionet, Mr. Burton, in which character he will sing a new song called

THE HACKNEY COACHMAN.


### Enlargement of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, To Mammoth Size.

EARLY in July, the S. E. Post, which has so long sustained a large portion of popular favour, will be increased to THIRTY-TWO COLUMNS, of enlarged dimensions.

It will retain all its present advantages of choice Engravings, Original Tales, Reviews, Poetry, &c. with the addition of the the best talents—to obtain which no expense will be spared.

The terms will be as heretofore, $2.00 a year when paid in advance—$2.50 at the expiration of six months, and $3, if not paid during the year.

In July will be commenced the publication of a Weekly Periodical for the Parlour, ENTITLED

### THE NATIONAL ATLAS, AND ———

EACH No. containing SIXTEEN large quarto pages, *handsomely* printed on good double medium paper, with good type—making between 800 and 900 large pages, of choice selected reading, in a year. Each Number will be embellished with several good ENGRAVINGS, and every month a handsome colored Map will be appended.

The most prominent and popular feature of the periodical, is withheld till near the time it is to commence.—We shall permit the numerous periodicals prepared to commence about the first of July, to take their ground, before we make our *chief peculiarity* known, as we do not choose to be anticipated by competitors.

A large portion of the Atlas and ———, will be made up of the same articles as are contained in the Saturday Evening Post, put into a convenient form for binding.

In this season of enterprise among publishers, we do not intend to remain behind our cotemporaries. We can obtain as much talent and labor as others, and will not stint the means to maintain and acquire pre-eminence.

Terms of the Atlas and ——— Three Dollars a year, in advance. Agents and Clubs at a distance, remitting $5, free of postage or charges, entitled to 2 copies, or 5 copies for $10. SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, Publisher, Philadelphia.

*** Our friends who exchange with us, are requested to give the above a few insertions. my 28—


### Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of John Hamilton, late of the city of Philadelphia, hatter, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims said estate, will please present their accounts for settlement to JANE HAMILTON, Administratrix, No. 2 South 2d street.

N. B.—The business will be continued by Mr. Hamilton, at the same place, where she very respectfully solicits the custom of her friends and acquaintance. jn 18—4t*

### Comly's Spelling Book Improved.

HAVING from time to time revised Comly's Spelling Book, and introduced such improvements as appeared to be requisite, we have now published an edition of it printed from new stereotype plates and on fine paper, to which we have added *A Familiar Introduction to English Grammar on the Inductive System*, designed to render this study easy and pleasant to children. By *Enoch Lewis*.

In other respects this edition corresponds, and is printed page for page with the last, so that both editions can be used in the same class, without the inconvenience that always results from altering the arrangement of the matter.

We will continue to publish as heretofore an edition of Comly's Spelling Book, without the Grammar—and the Grammar may also be had separate from the Spelling Book.

jn 1—3t KIMBER & SHARPLESS.

### Notice to Tailors.

WANTED, a number of persons to make blanket, petershams and flushing coats, at No. 8 Franklin Place, near Chesnut street. Constant employment will be given to good hands. jn 4—3t

### A Dog Stolen.

WAS stolen away, on the 17th of this month, from No. 408 north Front street, a large WHITE POODLE DOG, having a number of yellow spots, some on each of his ears—a large yellow spot over his left shoulder. He answers to the name of CÆSAR, or CÆSAR; short tail—has a way of winking or crying, either from or untied. Sit him and mornings. Whoever will give information, so that I may be able to bring the thief to justice, shall receive Fifteen Dollars reward, or Eighteen Dollars for the thief and dog. The dog has long curly hair. The above reward will be paid by the owner. JACOB GREEN, ap 30—tf No. 408 North Front street.

### Map of Texas and Mexico.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the Office of the Saturday Evening Post, a handsome COLORED MAP OF TEXAS, MEXICO, and the South Western Section of the *United States*: with Descriptive Sketches of Texas and Mexico, at the present time. my 7—tf

### A Partner Wanted,

ONE possessing from $800 to $700 capital, which he would be willing to invest in a safe, lucrative, and rapidly increasing business. One of the requisites on the part of the rest that would be a willingness to travel for the furtherance of the business of the firm. Further information can be obtained, by calling at No. 417 north 3d st. above Brown. jn 11—3t

### Wanted,

A GOOD 24 hand Steam Engine, of 4 or 5 horse power—Enquire at this office. jn 11—tf

### Boy Wanted.

AN active Boy wanted—one who writes a good hand. Apply at 92 Market street. jn 11—tf

### A Teacher Wanted,

TO conduct the Harmony School, of Chesnut Hill. Application to be made personally, on Monday, June 20th, at one o'clock, P. M. as at that time and place, the Trustees will meet to fill the vacancy. Persons applying, will be expected to produce sufficient testimonials of character and capacity for the situation, as no others will be accepted. Persons applying with a family, can be accommodated with a dwelling. JACOB HAGS, Pres't. CALEB RYDRICK Sec'ry. jn 11—2t*

### Notice to Teachers.

A TEACHER of good moral character, and well qualified to impart instruction in the various branches of an English education, is wanted to take charge of one of the public schools in Lower Merion township. Teachers disposed to engage, are requested to meet the Board of School Directors, at the house of George Miller, in said township, on Saturday, the 18th day of June, inst. at 4 o'clock, P. M.

By order of the Board,

jn 11—2t* CHARLES KUGLER, Sec'ry.

### Wanted,

AN apprentice to the Printing business. One that has been at the business for some time, would be preferred. Apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post. my 28—tf

### For Sale,

FARMS in Beaver County,—also a few unimproved tracts—also, land near Honesdale, Wayne county, Pa. B. CHEW, Jr. ap 30—tf Office No. 93 Walnut st. Philada.

### Wanted,

5 OR 6 Journeymen Segar Makers, to whom constant employment will be given, and liberal wages. Apply to GEORGE GUYGER, jn 4—3t* S. W. corner 13th and Race.

### Baker's Intelligence Office.

*Established in May, 1811—the S. E. corner of Chesnut and (entrance in) Third street—up stairs.*

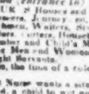
PROCURES Houses and Parts, Boarders, Porters Clerks Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Grooms, Bar keepers, Hostlers, Carters, Housekeepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Child's Maids, Men and Women Cooks, Travelling Men and Women, Dairy Maids, Bound Children, and Bought Servants.

For sale, the time of a colored girl, 16 years old, and 12 to serve.

A Wet Nurse wants a situation.

Wanted, a child to wet nurse. jn 4—3t*

### Spring Millinery.



Mrs. S. Chambers, agent,

HAS received by the latest arrivals, her Spring assortment of French Millinery, &c. comprising several cases French Bonnets, Flowers, Blond Caps, Blond Laces—also, Leghorn and Straw Bonnets, &c. making a complete assortment in her line, all of which will be opened this day at her Millinery and Dress Making Establishment, No. 178 Chesnut street, four doors above Seventh street, south side, nearly opposite the Masonic Hall.

Orders for Dresses, Bonnets Caps, &c. executed at the shortest notice. ap 2—tf

### Carpet Manufactory.—Removed

TO No. 186 Juniper street, between Cherry and Race street. "Work once well done is better than twice ill done." In accordance with the above motto the subscriber begs leave to impress upon the minds of those who are the trouble and expense of making rag carpets, that a good warp or chain is of the utmost importance, to their durability—Therefore, none but the very best three threaded warps shall be used, and the carpets will be wove full yard wide, and done in the best possible manner. Is not this some inducement to make a trial? Also Carpets for sale. ap 3—tf SAMUEL BARRY.

### To Western and Southern Merchants.

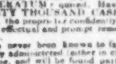
THE great prevalence of *Diarrhœa, Bowel Complaint*, and *Cholera Morbus*, in the South and West, particularly upon the shores of the Western waters, and the great violence and rapid progress of those disorders, renders it an object of great importance, to be provided with a medicine which may be relied upon as an effectual and speedy remedy. BAKER'S SPECIFIC is offered to the public, as the DESIDERATUM required. Having been used in upwards of TWENTY THOUSAND CASES, with almost invariable success, the proprietor confidently recommends it as the most certain, effectual and prompt remedy ever used for the above disease.

It has never been known to fail to cure a Diarrhœa, if promptly administered (either in children or adults), in a very short time, and will be found particularly serviceable where medical aid is not readily obtained, and during the prevalence of the *Malignant Cholera*, which invariably commences with a Diarrhœa. Individuals and families will find it advantageous to be supplied with a bottle in case of sudden attacks. Price 25 cents.

For sale, Wholesale or Retail, by the agents for the proprietor, H. F. WALLACE & Co. Druggists, (successors to Wm. Baker), No. 16 north 5th st. cor. Phila. west side.

Country merchants, desirous of introducing the article, will be supplied on most accommodating terms. feb 27—tf

### For Wilmington, DAILY.



THE Steam boat WILMINGTON, Capt. Purnel Bligh, will leave Arch st. Wharf for Wilmington, every day at two o'clock, P. M. and returning, will leave Wilmington for Philadelphia, every day at seven o'clock, A. M.

Fare to Wilmington or Philadelphia, 75 cents.
Marcus Hook or Chester, 50

All baggage at the risk of its owner.
Freight as per printed list.
Breakfast and dinner provided on board.
All freight to be delivered on board of the boat at least one hour before the time of departure, as no receipt will be given after that time. ap 2—tf

# THE OLIO

**Variety's the spice of Life,**
**That gives to all its flavour.**

[*From the New York Mirror.*]

## CUTTING.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The world is not a perfect one,
All women are not wise or pretty,
All that are willing are not won—
More's the pity—more's the pity!
"Playing wall-flower's rather flat,"
L'Allegro or Penseroso—
Not that women care fore that—
But oh! they hate the slighting beau so!

Delia says my dancing's bad—
She's found it out since I have cut her;
She says wit I never had—
I said she "smelt of bread and butter."
Mrs. Milton coldly bows—
I did not think her baby "cunning;"
Gertude says I've little "nous"
I'm tired of her atrocious punning.

Tom's wife says my taste is vile—
I condemned her macaroni.
Miss Mc Lush my flurt awhile,
Hates me—I preferred her crony;
Isabella, Sarah Anne,
Fat Estella, and one other,
Call me an immoral man—
I have cut their drinking brother.

Thus it is—be only civil—
Dance with stupid, short and tall—
Know no line 'twixt saint and devil—
Spend your wit on fools and all—
Simper with the milk and water—
Suffer bores, and talk of cares—
Trot out people's awkward daughters—
You may scandal 'scape—perhaps!

But prefer the wise and pretty—
I'm a Reserve to dance with Wit—
Let the slight be e'er so pretty,
Pride will never pardon it.
Woman never yet refused
Virtue to a seeming wooer—
Woman never yet abused
Him who had been civil to her.

A Figure to Paint.—"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me, when I call him."

*From the Boston Morning Post.*

A letter went through the Boston Post Office bearing the following poetic direction:—

"I spoke to uncle Sam one day,
About a pass to *Canada*—
He named his price-to dispute were vain,
So here I go to Stanstead Plain.
Now should I live to reach that town
And old John Bull look gruff and frown,
Four pence and half, my friends engage,
Shall smooth his brow and cool his rage,
And Miss Louisa Moore will come
And cheerfully hand o'er that sum."

A Grateful Beggar.—"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a Captain under whom he had served. "Saved your life!" replied he, "do you think that I am a Doctor?" "No," answerd the man "but I served under you in the battle of—; and when you ran away, I followed."

An Irishman's horse fell with him, throwing his rider to some distance, when the animal, in struggling to get up, entangled its hind leg in the stirrup. "Oh, very well, sir," said the dismounted cavalier; "if you're after getting up on your own back, I see there will be no room for me."

Beloe, in his anecdotes, gives a good punning epitaph on William Lawes, the musical composer, who was killed by the Round-heads.

Concord is conquered—in this urn there lies
The master of great music's mysteries,
And in it is a riddle like the cause,
Will Lawes was slain by men whose *Wills were Laws*.

Ancestry.—An ingenious French writer observes, that those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, may be said to search in the *root* of the tree, for those fruits which the *branches* ought to produce.

Every body knows what a pattern for prudery Lady Morgan is. The other day she corrected a lively young Milesian lass for saying, "she could not see a certain object with the naked eye." "Kitty!" exclaimed the Authoress of the Boudoir, "upon my conscience you ought to be more delicate in your language—always for the future say the 'undressed organ of vision.'"

An odd sort of a genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the rotary movements of the machinery, when the miller thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news. 'Not's I know on,' said Jonathan; 'what is it?' 'Why replied the miller, 'they say the devil is dead.' 'By jingo!' he exclaimed, 'is he?' 'Who tends the mill, then?'

Effects produced on the Scotch by their Popular Songs.—No man who has lived among the peasantry of Scotland will deny the effects produced on them by their popular songs. During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highland soldier, while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him; but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side, and sung him "Lochaber no more." The spell was on him. The tears came into his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, "Lochaber nae mair!—I maun gang back—No!" The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave.—*Monthly Repository.*

Puffing in London.—In the great British metropolis every thing has its price, down to a paragraph in the newspaper. Some years ago Mr. R., an American gentleman, having discovered some new process by which he thought bank notes were to be gained, concluded to try his fortune in London. Very soon after his arrival, he presented himself at the office of one of the leading journals, and requested to see the editor. He was requested to give his name and business, which he did, and an answer was speedily brought, that the editor was engaged. By the dint of great urgency, he at last succeeded in making his way to the room of the sub-editor, and having never found any difficulty in obtaining a hearing from gentlemen of the press in his own country, where the time of an editor is considered almost as public property, he proceeded at once to explain his discovery, supposing that it would be received as a favour, and duly glorified in the next day's impression. Before he had fairly made his beginning, however, the sub-editor cut him short, politely but firmly, by saying he had no time to spare, and that he presumed his visitor's object was to have his discovery noticed.

"Why yes, sir, I should like—"

"It can be done sir, without any trouble—write whatever you like, and it shall go in—of course you will leave your address—the clerk in the office will arrange with you as to terms—good morning, sir."

Finding himself bowed out, Mr. R. went back to the office, where he was furnished with pen, ink and paper, sat down, and in the course of twenty minutes, produced an editorial paragraph of about twice the number of lines. This he handed to the clerk, merely asking whether it would appear the next day."

"Certainly, sir."

"Editorial?"

"Yes, sir, in the editorial columns—I presume you would not wish it in the largest type used on the paper?"

"Why, yes, sir, I should prefer that."

"In that case, sir, the charge will be ten guineas—if in the smaller type, five."

Mr. R. took his manuscript and withdrew.

## WHAT I'VE SEEN.

I have seen worth humbled, and unworthiness exalted; yea, even so that the last was first and the first last.

I have seen those least efficient in time of danger, most boisterous on the subject of military achievements.

I have seen persons far more attentive to the concerns of their neighbors, than their own, and prying into their affairs for the worst purposes.

I have seen stupidity allied to wealth, producing a display of splendid ignorance, highly disgusting to a sound judgment.

I have seen a little animal so inflated with pride, as to be almost fall to bursting. It resembled a man too!

I have seen men put on airs of war and bloodshed, who would almost run from a lizard.

I have seen men, who were all things to all men, and I have seen all men suspicious of them.

I have seen enough of this world to cause me to exclaim in the language of a black man, 'white folk very uncertain.' Jeremiah See-all.

A report of the state of crime in Liverpool, lately made to the Common Council, states that *seven hundred thousand pounds sterling* are annually taken in that city from the public, by persons who follow thieving as a profession. These depredators are encouraged and protected, and in many cases employed, by the keepers of houses of ill fame, public houses, taps, and beer-shops. The first named of these are the principal supporters of thieves—their inmates, amounting to four thousand, depend upon larceny for a portion of their subsistence. The known robberies in one of these houses had amounted, in the space of twelve months, to a thousand pounds sterling! Besides these, there are upwards of a thousand notorious male thieves. There are five hundred more who work at intervals, but steal when they can. There are nearly six hundred more who are employed to haunt the docks, and upwards of twelve hundred under fifteen years of age, who are the active tools of the adult delinquents. It is by this army of delinquents that the enormous sum above mentioned is annually collected by larceny.

## VENTRILOQUISM.

A few years ago, towards the dusk of evening, a stranger in a travelling sulkey was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern, situated near the foot of a mountain, in one of the Western States. A little in advance of him, a negro, returning from plough, was singing the favorite Ethiopian melody of

"Gwien down to shin-bone alley,
Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with "Halloo!—uncle!—you!—snow ball!" "Sah?" said blackey, holding up his horses. "Is that the Half-way House ahead, yonder?" "No, sah, dat Massa Billy Lemon's Otel."—"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemon?" "Yes, sah; you know Massa Billy? who used to lib at de mouf o' Cedar crick; he done move now do; keeps monsous nice tavun now, I tell you." "Indeed?" "Yes, sah; you stop dah dis ebenin, I spec; all spectable gentlemen put up dah. You chaw backah, massa?" "Yes, Sambo; here's some real Cavendish for you." "Tankee, massa, tankee, sah; Quash my name." "Quash, eh?" "Yes, sah, at you sarvice. Ooh," grunted the delighted African, "dis is nice; he better an green tibber; tankee, sah, tankee." "Well, Quash, what kind of a gentleman is Mr. Lemon?" "Oh, he nice man, sah, monsous nice man; entertain genplemen in de ton stile, and B. take care uv de hauses. I 'longs to him, and do I say it. Mas Billy mighty clebber man; he funny too; tell heap o' stories about ghosses, an sperrits, notwithstand he fraid on 'em, he tell do, my 'pinion." "Afraid of ghosts, eh?" said the traveller, musing. "Well, go ahead, Mr. Quash; as it's getting late, I'll tarry with this Mr. Lemon, to night." "Yes, sah; gee up hoa! go long lively;" and setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in

"Gwien down to shin-bone alley ——"

The burthen "Long time ago" was taken up by some one apparently in an adjacent cornfield, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued, however, with

"Dah I meet ole Johnny Gladden."

And the same voice again responded from the field—

"Long time ago."

"Who dat?" said the astonished negro, checking suddenly his horses and looking round on every side for the cause of his surprise. "Oh, never mind; drive ahead, snow ball, it's some of your master's spirits, I suppose." Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without uttering another word. Halting before the door, the stranger was very soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon, a bustling, talkative gentleman, who greeted his customer with "Light, sir, light—here, John! Quash!—never mind your umbrella, sir—John, take out that chair box—come in, sir—and carry this horse to the stable; do you prefer him to stand on the floor sir?" "If you please, sir; he's rather particular about his lodgings." "Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and tend to him well; I always like to see horses well tended; and this is a noble critter, too," continued the landlord, slapping him on the back. "Take care, will you?" said the horse. "What, the d—l," exclaimed the landlord, starting back. "None of your familiarity," said the horse, looking spitefully around at the astonished tavern keeper. "Silence, Belzebub," said the traveller, caressing the animal; and turning to the landlord, he observed, "You must excuse him, sir, he's rather an aristocratic horse; the effect of education, sir." "Whoa, Belzebub! loose the traces, Quash; what are you starting at? he won't eat you." "Come, landlord," said Belzebub, "I want my oats."

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up into the porch, and the traveller was fain to jump into his vehicle and drive round in search of the stables himself. Having succeeded to his satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned to the tavern. Anon supper came on—the eggs had all apparently young chickens in them—the landlord was in confusion at such a mortifying circumstance, and promised the traveller amendment from a cold pig, which, as he inserted the carving fork into it, uttered a *piercing* squeal, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the knife and fork, and the cold perspiration began to grow in large beads upon the forehead of the poor landlord as he stood looking fearfully at the grunter; his attention was soon taken, however, by a voice from without, calling—"Hillo—a! house! landlord!" "Aye, aye; coming, gentlemen—more travellers—do help yourself, sir." "Landlord!" Coming, gentlemen here, John, a light—bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the gentleman,"—and out the landlord bounced, followed by John with lights; but soon returned with a look of disappointment; he declared there was no living being without. The voices called again—and the landlord after going out returned a second time declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted that night by evil spirits. The stranger presently arose from the table and drew his chair to the fire, having made a pretty hearty supper from the eggs and young porker, their cries to the contrary notwithstanding.

That night, rumor saith, Mr. Billy Lemon slept with the table under his head, and kept a candle burning in his chamber till morning; and those who pass there, to this day, may upon close examination discover the heels of old horse shoes peering over the door casement, as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins and all other evil spirits. Having ascertained the name of his guest, in the morning mine host proceeded to make out his bill—

"Mr. J. S. Kenworthy,
To William Lemon, Dr. &c. &c."

This same Mr. Kenworthy, was recently a passenger on board the steamboat Columbia, from Norfolk to Washington City, when a violent altercation took place in one of the berths, between three or four different individuals for precedence. He is said to be something of a wag, and withal one of the most accomplished Ventriloquists of the present day.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

Here is a capital portrait of an idle, lazy, noisy grogshop politician and office seeker," fallen from his high estate" into the degradation of a drunken vagabond half conscious and half penitent. Hogarth could hardly have painted the picture better.

Peter Brush was in a dilapidated condition—out at elbows, out at knees, out of pockets, and out of spirits, and out in the street an 'out and outer' in every respect. He sat upon the curbstone, leaning his head upon his hand, his elbow being placed upon a stepping stone. Mr. Brush had for some time been silent, absorbed in deep thought which he relieved at intervals by spitting through his teeth, forlornly into the gutter. At length, heaving a deep sigh, he spoke. "They used to tell me—put not your trust in princes—and I hav'nt. None of 'em never wanted to borrow nothing of me. Princes! pooh! Put not your trust in politicianers! them's my sentiments. There's no two medicines about that. Hav'nt I been serving my country these five years, like a patriot; going to meetings and huzzaing my daylights out, and getting as blue as blazes; hav'nt I blocked the windows, cut licked fifty times, carried I don't know how many black eyes and broken noses, for the good of the commonwealth, and the popularity of our illegal rights, and all for what? Why for nix. If any good has come out of it, the country has put the whole of it in her pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings. I cant get no office! Republics is ungrateful! I did n't want no reward for my services. I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do; and I've only got half nothing to do! Being took care of was the main thing. Republics is ungrateful, I'm swaggered if they ain't!" "Come with me," said Charley, helping him along. "I'll take care of you. But what made you a politicianer—haven't you got a trade?" Trade! yes; but what's a trade, when a feller's got a soul, a whole soul? Trade! I loved my country, but I wanted an office—I didn't care what, it but fat and easy. I wanted to take care of my country, and I wanted my country to take care of me. Headwork is the trade I'm made for—talking, that's my line. Talking in the oyster cellars—in the bar-rooms, any where. I can talk all day, only stopping for meals, and to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike. I've been all sides—tried 'em and I know—none of 'em gave me any thing, and I've a mind to knock off and call it half a day."

An American Oil Well.—About ten years ago on boring for salt water, 200 feet through solid rock, near Burksville, Kentucky, a *fountain of pure oil* was struck which was thrown up in a stream of 12 feet above the surface of the earth, emitting for several days 75 gallons a minute. The well, being on the margin of a creek emptying into Cumberland river, the oil took that course, covered its surface, and was set fire to by way of experiment, presenting the appearance of a river in a blaze. The flames climed the hills and scorched the highest trees. This oil is very inflammable and penetrating, and possesses so much gas that it breaks bottles in which it is confined. The color is green but becomes brown on exposure to the air. It is extremely volatile and pungent, of a pitchy taste. There has been two flows in 6 years—the last on July 4, 1835, from which 20 barrels of oil where obtained during the time it continued.—The oil is readily separable from the salt water, with which it is pumped up, by its rising on the top of it—a rumbling noise precedes the eruption. It is called American Oil, and is in high repute in Kentucky and Ohio.—Some say it is medicinal.

[*Remarks*—It is probably *petroleum* or *mineral* oil, one of those exudations from coal formations frequently found in our country and in others. The gas may probably be carburetted hydrogen, often found in conjunction with it, and forming an inflammable gas, which is used at Fredonia on Lake Erie, in this state, as a natural light house. The terebinthinate pungent smell comes from the debris of the pine forests and timber, infused into and incorporated with the coal formations.—*Ed. Star.*]

The Book Agent.—As the sun was setting, after one of those sultry days in July, when the thermometer rose to 90 deg. a tall, lantern-jawed, gambrel shank'd fellow entered the village of ——, in the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was dressed in the peculiar costume of a yankee backwoodsman—having on his head a squirrel-skin cap, and on his feet a pair of double-soled cow-hide boots, which would laugh out of countenance a Kamschatkian winter. On his arm was carefully folded a butternut colored frock coat, and in his hand was an extra shirt and dicky, tied up in a cotton flag handkerchief. On his entrance into the village he inquired for the clergyman, and being told where he might be found, started post haste for his residence. Arriving at his house, he found him enjoying the cool of the twilight in his garden. Stepping up to the fence, he inquired if the Rev. Mr. —— lived in that neighborhood? The clergyman told him he did, and that he was the individual to whom he alluded. "I'm dreadful deaf," said the fellow; "you must raise your voice, or I can't hear a word you say." The clergyman put his lips to his ear, and repeated the declaration that he was the person for whom he enquired and asked him the object of his call. "'Tis bin an awful hot day" said the traveller, "but it grows a leetle cooler as the sun goes down." The clergyman again inquired his business, on the top of his lungs. "I thank you a thousand times," said the stranger, "I reckoned to have got to the tavern by sun down, but I hav'nt, and as I'm prodigiously tired out, I'll stay, and thank ye into the bargain," following the clergyman into the house.—The clergyman handed him a chair, and after laying down his coat in the corner of the room and fanning himself a while with his cap, he took his seat. The clergyman, in a loud voice, asked him what part of the country he was traveling? "Any thing that comes handy," he replied, "I'm a farmer when at home, and not much used to nicknacks—I can eat anything but pork and cabbage, and that I never could eat, since I was a boy—but don't put yourself out of the way at all about supper." The clergyman inquired again, in a still londer voice, if he was from Vermont. "I'm getting subscribers," said he, "for a valuable book—it's the works of John Bunyan, or Jonathan Bunyan,—I don't remember exactly which; but I'll see," pulling out his prospectus and handing it to the clergyman, who, after looking at it handed it back, and remarked, that he did not wish to subscribe. "O yes," he replied, "I always carry a pen and ink with me, as I find a great many folks that don't keep such things in their houses," pulling out his pen and ink and offering it to the clergyman. The clergyman raised his voice to the highest key, and said he must be excused from subscribing. "Just as well," said the agent, "I write the names of half my subscribers, myself," entering the name of the clergyman in his book. The clergyman, despairing of making the fellow hear any thing, concluded to get rid of him the easiest way he could. He therefore furnished him with a good supper and bed. In the morning he told him, in a voice as loud as he was master of, that he did not want the work, and should not take it. "Don't give yourself any uneasiness about it" said the agent, "I never forget subscribers, and especially ministers—you shall have it in due time." Thanking him for his kindness and hospitality, and bidding him good morning, he trudged off as fast as his legs could carry him. About a month after, as the clergyman was on his way to visit a brother in the ministry in a neighboring town, he was not a little surprised to meet his old guest, the deaf book agent. He was dressed much in the same manner as before; but was seated on a box, in the fore part of a one horse wagon, drawn by a horse that would require stall feeding to make much of a shadow. Coming up with him, he jumped out of his wagon, shook him cordially by the hand, and said he was going directly to his house with his books.—The clergyman said that he must be excused from taking them, as he already had a set on hand. "No matter," said the agent, "I'm going right by your house, and can leave the books and take the money of your wife," getting into his wagon and driving off. The clergyman fearing that his family might take the books in his absence put about for home, and arrived just as the agent was driving up. Seeing the clergyman had returned, he said, "you came back for fear of rain I 'spose, and it does look as though we were going to have a long storm," taking the books from his box and carrying them into the house. The clergyman told him, as loud as he could, that he did not want the books, and thought he was insulting him by forcing them upon him. The agent said he intended to have got a little further before the storm; but if he could not conveniently pay him the money then, he must accept of his invitation and stay till the storm was over. The clergyman, finding he must take the books or keep the fellow three or four days, paid him the money, as the easiest way to get rid of him.—*Hartford Review and Telegraph.*

## TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown on me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree derogating from the higher office and sure, and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history: with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, and the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.

It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading, well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot be better summed up than in the words of a Latin poet.—"Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros." It civilizes the conduct of men and suffers them not to remain barbarous.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

## THE SILK CULTURIST.

*Price of Making Cocoons.*—In most of our estimates of the profit of a mulberry plantation, we have put down the labour of making silk at three-fourths of its value, and in no instance less than one half. A few days since, a silk grower from Mansfield informed us that he was ready to contract for making cocoons at $1 a bushel, which is one third of the price they are now selling at the Silk Factory in this city. He remarked that he could furnish the help and make a fair profit at that price. From this statement it will be seen that foliage sufficient to make a bushel of cocoons is worth on the tree $2,00, and according to the quantity ordinarily consumed in making a bushel, 1½ cents a pound. Taking this as the basis of a calculation, a farmer may readily ascertain the income he may derive from this source without interfering with his agricultural operation. The sale of mulberry foliage is a very important article of traffic in Europe and Asia, and we have no doubt will soon be in America. Every farmer who sets out mulberry trees will very soon derive a fair profit from them, though he may not be disposed to engage in the culture of silk. We hope no farmer will neglect to provide in this manner a fund from which both himself and his posterity may draw at pleasure.—*Silk Culturist.*

## THE RURAL ECONOMIST.

### LAST LEAF OF A FARMER'S LEGER.

Mr. Tucker—In compliance with your request, I send for your disposal a copy of the last leaf of a Farmer's Leger for 1835, or a recapitulation of farm accounts. This "last leaf," or "recapitulation," is obtained by the following course:

1st. I make, on a sheet of drawing paper of good size, a map of my farm, drawing lines to designate fences—(then let a little girl paint these lines after the fashion of an engraved map)—number every field or division of the farm, and let these numbers be the only names by which the fields shall be designated.

2d. Every evening before retiring to rest, in a regular account book procured for the purpose, (called day book,) I charge the expenses of the day to the field or fields where the work has been done, and that too with the same care and precision as a merchant charges his goods, with such remarks on the description of the work and weather as I may think of consequence.

| "1835. | No. 4. | Dr. |
|---|---|---|
| May 7. | To 2 teams and drivers dragging in barley, | $2 00 |
| " | 3½ bushels barley sowed to day, (east part,) at 5s. | 2 19 |
| " | Sowing same, (2 bushels to the acre,) | 0 25 |

The north-east part of this field ploughed last fall, and the barley sowed, dragged in and rolled without further ploughing.

Weather pleasant in forenoon. P. M. cloudy, N. W. wind, and very cold—frost this morning."

The above is a sample of the manner in which I keep my farm accounts.

3d. During the long evenings of the fall season, I post all these accounts into a Ledger of suitable size, kept expressly for *farm accounts*, and no other. By the close of the year I will have my accounts all posted up and footed. Then,

4th. Carry these footings, with descriptions, results, &c. forward to "the last leaf of the Leger" for that year, and I have, as will be seen, the kind of crop on each field, the expense of cultivation, the amount of the crop, the profits of each field, and the profits per acre, &c.

Now, Mr. Editor, if all our farmers should follow a similar course from year to year, there would be an immense amount of agricultural matter committed to paper, and if never made accessible to the farming community by publication, it would at least be accessible to the writer, and to his posterity. And might it not possibly be of service to them? Would they not ascertain the most profitable crops, and the most profitable manner of cultivation—the proper quantity of seed—time of harvest—and, *especially*, whether there is any particular advantage gained by "*sowing in the moon?*" &c. &c.

But perhaps the above would be more intelligible to some, if put in the following form, to wit:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 38½ tons hay, at $12, | | $462 00 |
| 48 bushels peas, at 8s. | | 48 00 |
| 109 " oats, at 44 cts. | | 47 99 |
| 129 " corn, at 6s. | | 96 75 |
| 120 " barley, at 6s. | | 90 00 |
| 124 " potatoes, at 3s. | | 46 50 |
| 630 " wheat, at 8s. 9d. | | 689 06 |
| 12 cart loads pumpkins, at 8s. | | 12 00 |
| 14 bushels white beans, at 12s. | | 21 00 |
| 12 " onions, at 6s. | | 9 00 |
| 60 " mangel wurtzel, at 2s. | | 15 00 |
| Straw so'd at the barn, | | 37 00 |
| Fall feed sold, | | 23 50 |
| Apples converted into pork, | | 37 50 |
| Apples sold, | | 85 50 |
| | | $1719 77 |

EXPENSES AS FOLLOWS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For seed grain, | $159 91 | |
| " seed clover, | 15 45 | |
| " plaster, | 21 50 | |
| " team and manual labor, | 3?7 09 | |
| " Manure, | 26 00 | |
| | | $429 95 |
| Profits, | | $1289 82 |

Although the foregoing may be called a fair business, yet I am fully persuaded that the time is not far distant, when the profits of farming will double the foregoing statement, and this by improvements which are every year made and making in agriculture, and agricultural implements. The first great secret at which we should aim, is the perfection of the soil, in nutritive qualities, by the application of various manures, and clearing in front stumps, old logs, roots, stone, and all manner of foul seeds. And the second is, the introduction and use of the most approved and labor saving implements; and third, a judicious rotation of crops of the most profitable kind. And here I cannot forbear—although so much is communicated in your useful paper on the subject of clover almost every week—I say I cannot forbear entering my decided conviction of the utility and very great importance of the general cultivation of this soil enriching grass. And this I do from actual experiment, one case of which was made on lot No. 11 in the foregoing recapitulation. That field is 80 rods square. In 1833 it was in wheat, about 18 bushels per acre. In the spring of that season I sowed two acres through the middle of the field to clover. In the following spring, 1834, I sowed the south 4 acres to peas. The next 2 acres was the clover strip. The next 2 acres I sowed to barley, and the remaining 2 acres to peas. In September the whole field was sowed with wheat at the same time. This was done purposely as an experiment, and the difference in the crop was strikingly manifest. The result of the experiment was as follows: That part which was after barley was the poorest, very considerably, say 20 bushels to the acre.—That after peas a medium crop, say 25 bushels to the acre. That after clover was very heavy—at any rate more than 40 bushels to the acre. The whole field averaged about 30. I ought to have stated before, however, that 2 acres of the peas were sowed with plaster at the time of sowing the peas. No material difference in the pea crop, but the wheat on that part was at least 25 per cent. larger than that which had not received the plaster.—*Genesee Farmer.*

**Recapitulation of Farm Accounts for 1835.**

| No. of Lots | acres | Kind of Produce | Expenses | Receipts | Profits | Prof. per acre |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 | 14 | Hay, wheat and corn. | $97 80 | $267 38 | $147 69 | $10 53 |
| 2 | 10 | Hay, | 24 00 | 133 00 | 139 00 | 11 90 |
| 3 | 5 | Hay, | 10 50 | 78 35 | 67 85 | 13 55 |
| 4 | 8½ | Corn, barley and beans. | 65 15 | 190 76 | 125 48 | 14 70 |
| 6 | 6½ | Wheat, | 52 10 | 200 35 | 148 25 | 22 80 |
| 9 | 4 | Hay, | 8 63 | 40 00 | 31 37 | 7 84 |
| 10 | 10 | Wheat, | 73 25 | 335 30 | 262 05 | 26 30 |
| 11 | 16½ | Wheat, hay and oats, | 26 07 | 230 37 | 181 30 | 10 91 |
| Orchard, | 5 | Fruit and peas, | 36 65 | 182 56 | 143 91 | 30 62 |
| Front yard, | 1¼ | Potatoes and corn, | 21 76 | 62 50 | 40 74 | 32 30 |
| Garden, | ¼ | Variety. | 19 82 | 30 00 | 10 18 | 30 36 |
| Total, | 91½ acres | | $129 95 | $1719 77 | $1289 82 | $15 91 aver. |



**Life Insurance & Trust Company,**
*Office, No. 159 Chesnut Street.*
The Girard Life Insurance, Annuity and Trust Company—Charter Perpetual;
**CAPITAL 300,000,**

DAILY receive monies in Trust on interest, executes Special Trusts, grants Policies of Life Insurance on the most favorable terms, and grants Annuities and Endowments. Special and Weekly Deposits will be received, and if desired, applied to the purchase of Policies and Life Insurance, Annuities of Endowments.

*Rates of Insurance for $100, at the following Ages:*

| At the age of | Premium for one year. | Premium for seven years annually. | Premium for whole life annually. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 21 | $1 82 | $1 88 | $2 07 |
| 25 | 1 51 | 1 58 | 2 24 |
| 30 | 1 64 | 1 73 | 2 48 |
| 35 | 1 80 | 1 91 | 2 80 |

Office open from 9 o'clock, A. M.
B. W. RICHARDS, President.
GEO. W. RICHARDS(?), Treasurer.
JNO. F. JAMES, Actuary. my 7—6—ly

**STOP THE THIEF.**

WAS stolen from the subscriber on the night of the 30 h May, a bright bay horse, small size, about 11 years old, with a white spot in the forehead, right hind foot white, with a small scar on the edge of his right eye lid, done with a hook while fastened to a post, also a saddle and bridle, the saddle with the maker's name, George Tabler, with an additional pad, the bridle with a new narrow black strap through the center. It is supposed a Newfoundland dog followed the horse and thief, hair curled, dark chesnut or brown.

Whoever returns said property shall be liberally rewarded, or 10 dollars for the horse, and any information of any of the above articles, as a clue to the thief will be thankfully received by JOHN C. BRYAN,

Mantua Village near Philadelphia, second house west of Callowhill street bridge. je 4—3t*

*A Magnificent Large Oil Painting of*
**ROMEO AND JULIET,**
With Paris, Tybalt, and Friar Lawrence, at the Tomb of the Capulets. Also, a masterly and valuable painting of the

***Death of Cleopatra,***

By a celebrated artist, have been added to the rich collection of PAINTINGS and ENGRAVINGS, exhibited at HEAD QUARTERS, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place. This popular and fashionable resort is particularly deserving a visit at this time, as several improvements and other have been made, which add materially to the beauty and variety of the scene.

In the evening, the rooms are SPLENDIDLY ILLUMINATED WITH GAS, which gives a rich and magnificent appearance to the different beautiful objects that diversify the several apartments.

☞ Single copy of the SALMAGUNDI, and of the *Every Body's Album*, may be had at the Bar. my 21—6m

**Pure Schuylkill Ice.**

THE PENNSYLVANIA ICE COMPANY, is now delivering to the customers its superior Schuylkill Ice, and will continue to do so throughout the season.

Customers may rest assured that there will no deficiency in the supply, as over 800,000 bushels are secured in their excellent and extensive Ice Houses, corner of Schuylkill Fifth and Chesnut sts. and at Bush Hill, and which will be issued early every morning at the following

PRICES:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 25 | Cents per week for a quarter peck per day. | | |
| 37½ | do. | do. | half peck do. |
| 56¼ | do. | do. | one peck do. |

Or at 25 cents per Bushel.

None but careful, steady and obliging men are employed for the delivery of the Ice—and any omission of attention on the part will be promptly rectified, if information is given to the Secretary, J. L. Smith, 38 south Sixth street, or to either of the under mentioned agents.

Orders for Ice, stating name, place of residence, and quantity required, left at either of the following places, will be punctually attended to:—

R. Jordan, & Co. S. W. corner 3d and Arch sts. and N. W. corner of 3d and Walnut sts.
Joseph Reakirt, S. E. corner 3d and Callowhill.
J. W. Simes, S. W. corner of Market and Schuylkill 5th.
Charles Marshall, 312 Market st. next door to the Western Bank.
Edmund Pryor, S. E. corner Green and Front.
Joseph Fisher, corner Seventh and Buttonwood.
Lewis Dohnear, 100 Race street.
J. M'Cosgrave, N. E. corner Lombard and Second.
Thos. Hopkins, N. E. corner Juniper and Chesnut.
F. Durand, S. W. corner 6th and Chesnut streets.
J. Stovewell, S. W. corner 11th and Chesnut.

**Or at the Depot, No. 2 South Fifth Street, where Ice will be delivered at all hours of the day or night, for the accommodation of transient customers.**

☞ It is particularly requested that our customers will give the carters every facility for the delivery of the Ice, so as to cause the least possible delay.

ap23—tf WILLIAM McKIBBIN, Superintendent.

**Foolscap Printing Presses.**

WE the Subscribers, Printers in Philadelphia, have in use in our respective Offices, A. RAMAGE'S PATENT FOOLSCAP PRINTING PRESSES. From our experience of these Presses, we do not hesitate to recommend them to the Trade as the most convenient and useful Press we know of, for doing small work well, and with ease and expedition, occupying but a small space, and at a moderate price.

| | |
|---|---|
| JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, | JOHN YOUNG, |
| JOHN BOYLE, | MASSEY & BOATE, |
| A. KNOX, | SAM'L W. NEALL, |
| A. WALKER, | ERNEST CROZET, |
| CHAS. A. ELLIOTT, | HENRY YOUNG, |
| SAM'L C. ATKINSON, | W. F. FINN. |

The Subscriber having recently constructed a simple, cheap and efficient Printing Press of the above-named size, and as practical Printers are the best judges of its merits, the opinion of those who have them in use, is respectfully submitted.

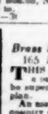
They are particularly calculated for exportation to the West Indies or South American markets, being of light weight and occupy but little space in freight.

Improved Printing, Proof Seal and Copying Presses, of all sizes. Also, Card Presses, suitable for Printers or Private Gentlemen.

In constructing all those Presses, wrought iron is substituted in place of cast, in all the parts that are liable to break.

☞ Orders given for any of the above to the Type Founders of Boston, New York, or Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. ADAM RAMAGE,
ja 11—3t Library street, Philadelphia.

**Jacob Sennett,**
*Brass Steel and Cane Reed Manufactory,*
165 North Second Street, Philadelphia.



THIS improved Cane Reed, for which he received a patent from the United States, he warrants to be superior in all respects to those made on the old plan.

An assortment of Reeds and Heddles, for city and country work, constantly on hand.

Also, a large supply of Reeds, suitable for country merchants.

Brass and Steel Reeds, made to order at the shortest notice, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at the lowest prices.

A general assortment of first quality Worsted Bobbin Yarn, sold wholesale and retail. ja 11—6—tf

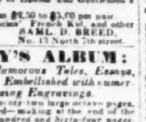
**Public Sale of Real Estate.**

WILL be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on Tuesday, the 2 st of June, at 2 o'clock, P. M. the following described Real Estate:

A valuable plantation and tract of 40 acres of land, situate in the township of Concord, in Delaware county, adjoined by lands of Eli Yarnal, the property of the Concordville Hotel, and the road leading from Concord to Chester, and directly opposite to Friends Meeting House. The Mail stage passes by the door three times a week, from Philadelphia to Baltimore. The improvements are a substantial two story stone house with convenient stone kitchen adjoining, and large piazza in front, and portico at the end, and yard tastefully laid out, and planted with ornamental trees, a rustic and flowers, with a well of good water near the door, and pump in it; a frame barn with stone stabling, stone spring house over a good spring of water, stone smoke house, a frame carriage, granary and corn-crib, with other out buildings. A thriving young apple orchard of the best grafted fruit, with a great variety of other choice fruit trees, such as cherries, pears, plums and apricots, all in full bearing. The land is of good quality and in a high state of cultivation, and divided into convenient lots, principally with live hedge, and new post and rail fence.

Persons wishing to view the premises will be shown the same by applying to the subscriber living thereon. Conditions will be made known at the time and place of sale by
JOSEPH TRIMBLE.

**GUM**
***ELASTIC***
**Over Shoes.**



JUST received, a fresh supply of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gum Elastic Over Shoes.

Also—Gentlemen's Boots, from $2.50 to $3.75 per pair.

Also—A good supply of Ladies' French Kid, and other kinds of Shoes. SAML. D. BREED.
april 5 '36—tf No. 13 North 7th street.

**EVERY BODY'S ALBUM:**
*A Monthly Magazine of Humorous Tales, Essays, Anecdote, and Facetiæ. Embellished with numerous Grotesque and Amusing Engravings.*

EACH number comprising seventy-two large octavo pages, neatly covered and stitched—making at the end of the year, two volumes, of Eight Hundred and Sixty-four pages, and at least *Six Hundred Engravings*, with Titles and Index complete—at Three Dollars per annum.

The cheerful and pleasing feature with which it is proposed to carefully and distinguish this work has not yet been adopted by any one of the numerous literary catalogues that have hitherto abounded in this country—and its extensive novelty and variety, for the vast pecuniary outlay, will procure its general circulation throughout the country, is calculated to render it a desirable and popular companion for the amusement of all classes who desire to possess an epitome of the works of celebrated Modern Humorists, Etchers and Engravers. The encouragement generally given to new undertakings, having a salutary object in view, has prompted a decided advantage, and it is also probable a number may well be disposed to subscribe to so large a proportion of the really deserving offerings of genius and talent as the present. Assured that this periodical, affording, as it will, an elaborate and comprehensive collection of the highest Illustrations, Satirical Essays in prose and verse, witty Tales, with Quips, Quirks, Anecdote and Facetiæ, must have a partial tendency (among its patrons at least,) to divert it into another and more exhilarating channel much of the oppressive ennui of the mind, consequent upon the cares and vexations of business, the publisher anticipates for it a most flattering and extensive subscription list. The work at all events will be commenced on the first of July, and continued for one year, before every subscriber will be certain of receiving all the numbers for one year. When the twelve numbers are completed and made up into two volumes, they will form one of the most desirable and amusing records of Wit and Humour which can be found in print. Let the public aid the publisher with their patronage, and he assures them he will leave nothing undone that will give celebrity and popularity to his work.

☞ The Every Body's Album will be published monthly, in numbers of 72 pages, with a variety of embellishments—neatly stitched in colored covers—printed with new type, and on fine white paper, at three dollars per annum, payable in advance. THREE COPIES will be supplied to order, for one year, for FIVE dollars. ☞ When sent to a distance from the city, the work will be packed in strong wrappers, to prevent the least rubbing by the mails. ☞ Notes of solvent banks of every description taken in payment of subscription. Address the publisher (*postage paid*.)

CHARLES ALEXANDER.
Athenian buildings, Franklin place, Philada.

☞ The first number of Every Body's Album is now ready to deliver to subscribers. ja 4—3t*

**Comfort for the Afflicted.**

THE Subscriber informs the public, and particularly such as are labouring under the distressing diseases of the GRAVEL and STONE, that in the course of his travels thro' the United States, in order to promote the sale of the valuable "*Improved System of Botanic Medicine*," patented to *Horton Howard*, late of Columbus, Ohio, deceased, that amongst other valuable discoveries in Nature's rich stores of Botanic Medicine, he has obtained the knowledge of a late Indian discovery, a sure remedy for this distressing complaint, which dissolves the stone by drinking a decoction of it in *twelve hours*, and brings it away without otherwise impairing the health. This, with other valuable discoveries, are added to this valuable work—a third edition of which is just published, and for sale at the large store of said books and medicines, kept by Dr. William Hance, Agent for the executors in Columbus, Ohio, and their Agents in the different states. THOMAS COOKE, No. 60 Brown st. N.L. Philada. is appointed General Agent for Eastern Pennsylvania, and *Joseph Thorn*, No. 146 Sassafras, or Race st. Philada. is appointed General Agent for New Jersey. Persons wishing to purchase said books and medicines, who reside in said districts, can be furnished by calling on them. Also, persons of good character, wishing to act as selling agents in those districts, can be furnished with agencies and supplies of books and medicines, for that purpose, by applying to said General Agents.

JOHN HOWARD, Sen.
Agt. and Attorney for the Executors of Horton Howard, dec'd.

**"Howard's Improved System of Botanic Medicine."**

These are to certify, that I have been in the use of "Howard's Improved System of Botanic Medicine," for four years past, having previously read much on the old, or what is termed the regular system of medicine, and been in the practice of using the medicine. After which I became acquainted with Dr. Samuel Thomson's system, which I found to be better calculated to remove disease, and practiced on it for some time. I then purchased "Howard's Improved System," in the year 1832, since which I have had an extensive practice on all the various diseases that is common in our country, and I do consider it a valuable improvement, and better calculated to remove disease than Thomson's, or any other that I have hitherto been acquainted with; and I think it is a valuable work to put into the hands of families, for family practice—the various diseases, with their symptoms, being clearly explained, and the medicines safe and efficacious in their operations. I have administered them in many cases of *Female Diseases* and *Obstructions*, which were always attended with good success.—Also, in some of the worst cases of *preternatural* or *premature labour*, recorded in medical history, and have lost none. Many certificates in proof of the above statement could be produced if necessary. THOMAS J. McGAUGHEY, B.P.
Walton co. Georgia, April 29, 1836. ja 4—3t

**B. Robinson,**

WHOLESALE Manufacturer of Jewellry, Silver Combs and a variety of other silver ornaments.

N. B.—Eastern Jewellry and fancy goods, supplied on accommodating terms.

Office No. 74 Chesnut st. between 2d and 3d sts. Philada.
ap 9—3m

**Operations on the Teeth.**

DR. BIGELOW continues to execute every operation necessary for the health, preservation, beauty, and durability of the TEETH. Incorruptible, Artificial and Natural Teeth supplied, from one to a full set. Decayed, broken, and misplaced teeth, roots or fangs, removed with ease and perfect safety. Millions of the most beautiful TEETH are annually sacrificed, and irreparably lost, for the want of an early and judicious operation.

Office, N. W. corner of 9th and Chesnut. ap 30—8tif

**Fashions for Tailors.**

JUST published, and now ready to send out by mail or otherwise, according to order "*Ward's recently improved Diagram of Latest Fashions, with Pictures and Explanations*," suited to the approaching season. New subscribers will be supplied with the Fashions, and with the best system of cutting the same, during one year, for ten dollars, sent to the editor by mail, or free if already acquainted with the protractor system. Address ALLEN WARD,
No. 241 South 9th st. Philada.

Or apply to any authorized agent, pay him his fee to procure the work, and for giving instructions. ap 25, '36—tf

**WETHERILL & BROTHERS,**
*No. 65 North Front street, 3 doors below Arch street, east side,*

MANUFACTURERS of White Lead, Red Lead Litharge, Sugar Lead, &c., Oil Vitriol, Copperas, Aqua Fortis, Muriatic Acid, Blue Vitriol, &c.—Chemicals generally—Window Glass, Paints, Varnishes, &c.

REFINERS of Camphor, Borax, Brimstone, Salt Petre, &c.
GRINDERS of Pepper, Cinnamon, Rice, Ginger, Alspice, &c.
DEALERS in Dye Woods, Drugs, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, &c. my 30—3m

**FRESH and BEAUTIFUL**
**Spring Dry Goods.**

**MRS. R. L. SMITH,**
*No. 104 North Second street (below Race),*

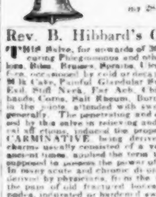
INVITES the attention of Ladies, to her assortment of new dry goods, including an extensive variety. Fabrics suitable for the present and approaching season, among which are

**Rich Paris Lustres,**
**Super Ernis in es,**
**New Style Painted Lawns,**
**Rich Figured Muslins,**
**Plain and Figured Silks,**
**Splendid Palmie's Muslin.**

ALSO—HOSIERY, of every kind. Lace, Linen Cambrics and Handkerchiefs, assorted Gloves, rich Handkerchiefs, Laces, Lawns, Ginghams, Bishop Lawns, &c. ALSO—

**SPRING PRINTS,**

Recently selected, and of approved styles—all of which will be sold at moderate prices. au 30—3m



F. Parkerson,
Bell Hanger,
No. 310
S. Second street.
my 28—3m

**Rev. B. Hibbard's Carminative Salve.**

THIS Salve, for upwards of 30 years has been employed in curing Phlegmonous and other painful affections, as Felons, Boils, Bruises, Sprains, Ulcers, Carbuncles, Ague in the Face, sore, inflamed or decayed teeth, Ague in the breast, Milk Cake, Painful Glandular Swellings, Scrofula or King's Evil, Stiff Neck, Fur Ach, Chilblains, or Frosted Feet or hands, Corns, Salt Rheum, Burns, Scalds, Rheumatic Pains, &c. &c., attended with swelling and painful affections generally. The penetrating and extraordinary powers possessed by this salve in relieving and curing the most painful local affections, induced the proprietor to give it the name of CARMINATIVE, being derived from Carmen, a verse, a charm, or a spell; and in former times, the ancient physicians supposed to possess the power of a charm in allaying pain.—In many acute and chronic disorders, great benefit has been derived by physicians from the use of this salve, in relieving the pain of old fractured bones, callous tumours, bunions, nodes, indurated or hardened swellings, erysipelas, or St. Anthony's Fire, &c. It has been used with great advantage as a strengthening plaster, for weakness of the chest, back or side, and is an admirable acute inflammatory affections of the lungs, coughs, colds, influenza, catarrh, asthma, hooping cough, hives, or croup, &c. &c. In milk cake and ague of the breast, this salve will be found a speedy and certain cure. The proprietor has applied it in many hundred cases, some of the most painful description, and in no one case, has he ever known it to fail of relieving the pain in a few hours. Price, 25 cents per box, with directions.

All orders punctually executed by T. R. Hibbard, principal agent, No. 228 Bowery, New York.

For sale by Isaac Thompson, Apothecary, corner of Market and 2d sts. Gideon Cox, Variety store, Nos. 335 and 337 Market st. D. Parish, 8th and Arch. H. Gates, Germantown, Pa. George S. Clemens, No. 187 north 3d st. one door above Wood street.

ALSO—For sale as above—Rev. R. HIBBARD'S VEGETABLE ANTI-BILIOUS FAMILY PILLS. These Pills have become known to the public entirely by their virtues.—Their powerful influence in curing diseases, has been so repeatedly tested, that the proprietor is induced to comply with the solicitation of friends, in thus giving them—deeming thereby a knowledge of the means of relief to the public generally. They are highly appreciated for the relief they afford in affections of the liver and digestive organs. The worst cases of chronic dyspepsia, inveterate costiveness, indigestion, dyspeptic consumption, rheumatism, nervous or sick head-ach, and scurvy, have been entirely cured by a proper use of them. Also—Liver complaints, fever and ague, bilious fever, jaundice, dysentery or bloody flux, the premonitory symptoms of cholera, dropsical swellings, piles, worms in children, fits, looseness and irregularity of the bowels, occasioned by irritation, teething, &c. They act as an alterative, cathartic or laxative, according to the manner of taking them. Families having occasion to test their efficacy, will ever after esteem them too highly to be without them. Particular attention should be given to the simple directions which accompany each box—30 pills in a box—each pill is a dose for an adult. Price, 50 cts.
my 21—3m*

**West Chester Boarding School,**
*FOR BOYS,*

IS located in the borough of West Chester, Chester co. Pa. twenty four miles west of Philadelphia. The salubrity of this village and adjacent country, is perhaps not excelled in the United States. And convenient access may be had twice a day, by means of the Rail-road.

The course of Instruction comprises Reading, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, with the use of the Globes, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Surveying, Navigation, Spherics, Mechanics, Optics, Fluxions, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, and Botany.

Lectures on Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Astronomy, are delivered during the winter, illustrated by appropriate apparatus.

Price of boarding and tuition, forty dollars a quarter of twelve weeks—payable in advance. Students admitted to any time not less than a quarter. Reading books gratis; other books and stationary at the usual retail prices.
my 14—7t* JOSHUA HOOPES.

**Old Yellow Springs,**
*Chester county, Pennsylvania.*

THE Subscriber takes this method to inform her friends and the public in general, that she has opened her house for the reception of company the present season, and flatters herself that from the manner she has kept the establishment for 30 years past, that she will receive a liberal share of public patronage. The Springs and Baths are in excellent order, as also is the spacious Grove, in which they are situated. It is deemed unnecessary to say any thing of the medicinal qualities of the waters, as they are generally known to the citizens of Philadelphia and elsewhere, who frequent those places. The subscriber returns her most grateful thanks for past favors.
MARGARET HOLMAN.

N. B.—A regular communication will be kept up during the watering season, between Philadelphia and the Springs, by way of the Columbia Rail-road, to within 5 miles of the place, from which place they will be conducted across by a splendid four horse coach, to the Springs daily: a communication by way of the Norristown Rail-road, Phoenixville and Kimberton, to the Springs also, a regular communication between West Chester and the Springs, daily: for further particulars, see hand bills. je 4—3t*

**Note Lost or Mislaid.**

A NOTE for Three Hundred and Twenty Dollars, drawn by Samuel C. Atkinson, in favor of Lucy Ann Deans, payable 30 days after demand and enclosed in a letter addressed to S. C. Atkinson, No. 36 Carter's Alley, was left by a young man in a letter Box in Carter's Alley, and has not come to hand.

All persons are cautioned against receiving or negotiating said note.

A moderate reward will be given for the recovery of the note, on presentation at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 36 Carter's Alley, by
my 21—tf SAMUEL C. ATKINSON.

**Five Dollars Reward.**

RAN AWAY from the Subscriber about the 14th ultimo, an indented apprentice boy to the Blacksmith business, about 19 years of age, had a scar on the nose about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and rather chunky or rather sly countenance—had on when he went away a gray casinet round-about, pantaloons light blue, black fur hat. JOHN McNULTY by name. Whoever takes up said boy, and delivers him to Edwin Young, Manager of the House of Refuge, in Philadelphia, shall receive the above reward but no other charges paid—and I do strictly forbid all persons harboring or trusting said boy on my account, as I will not only refuse paying such charges, but will hold such persons liable for so doing.

WILLIAM DUDLEY.
Lower Dublin township, Philada. co. ja 4—3t

**TO TAILORS.**
*Mahan's Improvement and Application of Ward's Protractor System.*

THE subscriber takes this opportunity to make known to his friends and the trade in general, that his Report of London and Philadelphia Fashions, for spring and summer of 1836, are now ready for delivery, including drafts of every description of seasonable garments, with full instructions in making up—a desideratum heretofore wholly neglected by the publishers of other systems, but the utility of which every master tailor will see at a glance. He has also published a superb plate, elegantly colored, and containing twelve figures, and which is pronounced by good judges to be superior to any thing of the kind ever published in this country fully equal to the London plates of Fashions—it is 200 per cent. cheaper. They are exact representations of the prevailing fashions, and the best artists have been employed in getting them up, as every means was used in making this system and plates, a useful and elegant appendage to the master tailor's. He returns his thanks for the liberal encouragement he has received, and respectfully solicits the patronage of the trade. FRANCIS MAHAN.

N. B.—Mahan's reports of London and Philadelphia fashions, will be sent as usual promptly to any part of the United States, Canadas, or the West Indies, at $10 for the first year, including instructions, and $8 per year, as all subsequent years (payable in advance). Those who subscribe for the use of the Protractor System, will be charged but $5 for the first as well as subsequent years. Subscribers to the system, will be charged but one dollar per copy for the plates, or two dollars per year. Non subscribers will be charged two dollars per copy. The subscriber continues to offer a premium of One Hundred Dollars to any person who will produce a better system than his own for cutting garments, or tailor's use in general. FRANCIS MAHAN,
my 14—3m No. 2 Chesnut st. Philada.

NORTHERN LIBERTIES
**RIDING SCHOOL.**

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his RIDING SCHOOL (back of No. 322 N. Front street,) is open daily for the reception of ladies and gentlemen. The pupil is instructed and private. Those who are desirous of obtaining a knowledge of so pleasant and healthful an accomplishment, may, in a few lessons time, acquire a knowledge of horsemanship upon correct principles, that will enable them to avoid accidents that daily occur to those unacquainted with the management of their horses.

In addition to the above, the Subscriber has in this establishment the most splendid hackneys that could be selected from different parts of the Union. The horses for docility, style and performance, cannot be surpassed.

The encouragement received last season, has induced the proprietor to make every addition to accommodate his friends and the public.

Also to hire, on reasonable terms, Horses and Gigs, Barouches, Dearborns, Carriages and Hackneys, of the first quality. For terms, apply to THOMAS CRAIGE,
ap 16—6m No. 322 North Front street.

**Mackintosh's Practice,**
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

KEY & BIDDLE have recently published, Principles of Pathology and Practice of Physic, by John Mackintosh, M. D. with Notes and Additions, by Samuel Geo Morton, M. D. Author of Illustrations of Pulmonary Consumption, &c.

From Professor Caldwell, of the University of Lexington, to the editor,—" Allow me to thank you for your edition of Mackintosh, and the very interesting and valuable additions you have made to it. I deem it an important accession to the medical literature of our country."

From Professor Dickson, of Charleston, S. C.—"Accept my thanks for the copy, so politely forwarded of your edition of Mackintosh's Practice of Physic. It is a valuable work, and you have conferred an obligation upon the medical profession in America, by presenting it to them in so handsome a form, as well as by enriching it with notes which so obviously add to its worth." my 28, '36—tf

**For Sale or to Let,**

A HOUSE and lot, situate on Sixth st. near the intersection of Sixth and Germantown Road. The lot is 50 feet front on 6th st. running westward to the depth of 300 feet. The situation is very suitable for a Victualler, having a large frame house thereon, with buildings sufficient for slaughter house and stables. For terms apply to Joseph Knox, on the premises.

The Penna. Inquirer and United States Gazette, will please insert the above three times, and send their bills to this office.
my 21—tf

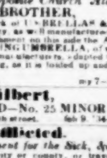
**Lost.**

**$10** REWARD will be paid by the Subscriber, to any person who will return to him an Account Book, which was lost on the night of the 25th of January last, while going from his Foundery in Penn st. above the High Bridge, to his dwelling, in Front st. No. 400, between Brown and Coates sts. As the Book will be of no use to any one but the owner, it is hoped that it will be returned immediately, either to his Foundery, in Penn st. or dwelling, in Front st. where the above reward will be paid.
mar 19—tf JACOB GREEN.

**To the Public.**
*Gold's Union Premium Oven.—Durability, Convenience and Economy.*

WE present this Oven to the public, assured that its "union" of good qualities will procure the most favorable reception. Great length would be required, to give a full description of this article, and not even then would one have an adequate conception of it. Inspection and trial can alone do it justice. Both are its principles of construction that for compactness, firmness, durability, convenience and economy, nothing of the kind can equal it. It is also easily portable, may be placed any where either in the house or out door, and will operate in the same manner as it returns all its heat. It is well respected a substitute for the brick oven, and will also answer for some other purpose, any size may be had, adapted for the use of a hotel, boarding house or private family, for cooking paper and for any of metals it is especially well calculated, as it will perform its operations in the most manner, with every little attention, the fuel to be used is charcoal, of which three quarts will bake at least twelve loaves of bread. The public are invited to call at the store No. 312 North Second street, where it will be kept for inspection and sale.
my 14—3m JOHN McDONNELL.

**UMBRELLA**
AND
**PARASOL**
MANUFACTORY,



*No. 14 North 3d st. opposite Church Alley.*
SLEEPER & BROTHER,

OFFER for sale, a large stock of UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS, in as great variety, as well manufactured, and at as low prices as any establishment on this side the Atlantic. Also the PATENT FOLDING UMBRELLA, of which they are the inventors and sole manufacturers, adapted to the convenience of persons travelling, as it is folded up and carried in a common trunk.

Also, Gum Elastic Umbrellas. my 7—6m

**R. S. Gilbert,**
ENGRAVER ON WOOD—No. 25 MINOR ST.
below Sixth street. feb 9, '36—tf

**To the Afflicted.**
*A House of Entertainment for the Sick, &c.*

PERSONS residing in the city or county, or travelling strangers, wishing to put themselves under a course of medical treatment, in which no other than vegetable remedies will be used, can be accommodated with board, &c. at 282 North 7th street, 3 doors below Coates street, Philada. Terms reasonable.

Also, persons in the city or county, can be supplied with the most suitable medicines, either to prevent or cure disease, by sending their orders addressed as above stated.

Family Medicines, exclusively Vegetable.
L. BRINK.

P. S.—All communications, post paid, will be promptly attended to. jan 27—6m

**ISAAC BARTON & Co.**
*No. 30 South Second street, Philadelphia,*

HAVE received by late importations an extensive assortment of Spring Goods, which they offer at moderate prices, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

SUMMER CLOTHS—Prunettas, merino cassimere, fancy drillings, satin, fancy silk and Marseilles vestings, and a variety of stuffs, suitable for boys' summer wear. Also, superfine and medium cloths and cassimeres of all the most colors.

SILKS—Super black and colored Gros de Naps, gros de Swiss, gros de Swiss, gro de Rhine, Italian lutestring, 4-4 and 5-4 FANCY figured silks, some very handsome, some 6-4 blue and pink French bombazines, black and color'd crape de Lyons, English crape and Palmyr shawls, plain and fancy colored, satin and worsted handkerchiefs, black and white Italian crape shawls, some new, with a general assortment of fancy twisted silk hdkfs.

Ladies' white and color'd kid and silk gloves, silk and cotton hosiery, fancy and plain chintzes, PRINTED lawns, and Palmyra lawns, muslin, cambric, jaconet, mull and book muslins, figured and plain Swiss muslin, super white Italian and crape shawls, book muslin hdkfs.

Fancy and plain Bird's eye and check muslins, a handsome article for ladies' dresses.

5-4, 6-4, 10-4 and 12-4 heavy Irish and Barnsly sheetings, damask table cloths, napkins and towellings, Marseilles quilts, bureau covers, heavy grass bleached Irish linens, of the most approved makes, together with a general assortment of furniture chintzes, ginghams, &c. &c.

ROGERS' PATENT FLANNELS (warranted not to shrink in washing.) Thread Gauze, and a beautiful article of silk flannel, suitable for summer wear.

WORSTED DAMASKS, watered moreens, and rattinetts of all colors, suitable for Upholstery and Carriage Linings.
ap 16—3m

**Cantrell's Ague Mixture,**
*AND TONIC MEDICAMENTA,*

A SOVEREIGN remedy for Agues and all diseases, whether constitutional, or resulting from protracted Intermittents, or the sequel of Bilious Fevers, &c. Sold Wholesale and Retail, in bottles, accompanied with expert directions for use, to which the Proprietor's signature is attached, at Cantrell's Drug Store, S. W. corner of 2d and John st. below Christian, at Horner & Cresson's Drug Warehouse, No. 6 N. 3d street, and also at Healy's Medical Hall, corner of 7th and Lombard streets. Price, $1.50 per bottle.

N. B.—The Proprietor does not wish the public to imagine that this is a new remedy, it has undergone the test of experience for upwards of 7 years, and during that period, has performed very many ordinary and extraordinary cures, some of which having resisted all other available means, for months, and even for years. In short, it is a remedy prepared upon the purest scientific principles, from whose operations on the human system, result no bad consequences, but act in a peculiarly salutary manner upon the nervous system, imparting strength and vigour to the constitution, and affording a healthy action to all parts of the body. The Proprietor, therefore, recommends this medicine to the public, with the utmost confidence, and assures to the afflicted of both sexes, a speedy and permanent cure, if his directions be strictly attended to. From numbers who have participated in the curative effects of his medicine, the Proprietor has selected a few, who have kindly lent their names, in testimony of the advantages derived from the use of CANTRELL'S AGUE MIXTURE and TONIC MEDICAMENTA, viz.—

Hugh Brotherton, Keeper of Arch st. Prison, Abraham Powell, Carpenter of the Navy Yard, Jno. Blakey, Old York Road, above Poplar Lane, Mr. Weise, Baker No. 100 Christian street, David Young, Block Maker, south Wharves.
ap 2—3m*

**Notice.**

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Andrew Busch, Cordwainer, late of the city of Philadelphia, deceased, are requested to make payment to David Ellis, No. 12 Callowhill st. who is duly authorized to receive the same, and those having demands against the estate of said deceased, will please present them, duly attested, for settlement to said D. Ellis, attorney in fact. ELIZABETH BUSCH, Executrix
my 7—6t* to the estate of Andrew Busch, dec'd.

**Schuylkill Coal Office, No. 17 Arcade.**

THE Subscriber will have constantly on hand, a superior article of PEACH ORCHARD or RED ASH, and BROAD MOUNTAIN or WHITE ASH COAL, which will be delivered punctually when ordered, at the market price.

☞ The Coal is of the various sizes and first quality, and if it do not prove satisfactory, will be taken away at the subscriber's expense, and the money returned.
GEO. W. FOERING.

N. B.—Those persons who may wish to secure their supply of Coal at the lowest prices, without purchasing immediately, can leave their names at the office, and the number of tons they may want, which will be furnished them at any time during the summer—the coal to be paid for when the order to deliver it is given. ap 23—3m*

**Scouring Brick.**

ENGLISH Scouring Brick, which are extensively used in England and much sought for in Philadelphia.

*FURNITURE PASTE.*

This paste will give a gloss to furniture, exceeding any thing of the kind in use, with the least labor. It is put in a tin box with directions, price 25 cents, and is as cheap as common beeswax. The price will be returned to any person disapproving of it after a trial. Also—

*BLACK VARNISH FOR GRATES.*

Do. to be used as common paint, for backs and jams, beautiful and very cheap. PETER LEHMAN, Druggist,
my 7—3m 6th Market street.

**Super Patent Fountain Pens,**

DECIDEDLY the greatest improvement in steel pens, ever offered to the public! I unhesitatingly (?) to all other fountain pens, by being formed out of only one piece of steel, consequently not liable to fall to pieces, yet affording greater facility for cleaning. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the pocket book manufactory, and fancy store, No. 23 south 4th st.
my 7—3m T. HOMER.

**Cures for Deafness.**

"THE COLUMBIAN RESTORATIVE FOR THE HEARING," prepared by D. Brown, corner of Exeter and Sainsbury streets, Baltimore, Md. and sold by him and his agents, at $3 per package (of 3 phials), a quantity deemed sufficient to effect a cure in most cases. Among hundreds cured, one instance of forty years standing, another of a person then 78 years of age, now in his 82d year, his hearing *still good*, although so aged. The proprietor has a large record book upwards of 30 causes of deafness; for the 6 most *frequent causes, see handbills*. Certificates of cures effected, and Mayor's Certificate, relative to the credibility of those persons cured, and *personally* known to him, in possession of I. Thomson, Druggist, corner of 2d and Market sts. Philadelphia, Agent.

P. S.—Any case not recognized in 6 causes described, may be addressed to the proprietor, D. B. my 14—3m

**Waldie's Library.**

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY, is 6, opens with the following new and popular works:

1. Tales of the Great St. Bernard, by the Rev. George Croly, author of Salathiel, &c.
2. The Naval Annual, containing the Three Cutters and Pirate, by Capt. Marryatt. This work is supplied in the library for about 6 cents.
3. Campbell's Letters from the South, Algiers and Barbary in continuation.
4. Gilbert Gurney, by Theodore Hook, concluded from volume.
5. Japhet in search of a Father.
6. Shortly will be published, a new anecdotical history of the Crusades.
7. The works of Charles Lamb.
8. Smith's Captivity among the Pirates of Cuba.
9. Lady Delmy's Letters.
10. Memoirs of Madame Bouchamia.
11. Captain Edward Boy's Captivity and Adventures in France and Flanders.
12. Lady Morgan's Memoirs, &c. &c.

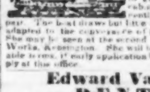
Subscriptions, $5 per annum, thankfully received by
feb 6—tf ADAM WALDIE.

**AUCTION & COMMISSION HOUSE**
**By Wm. Montgomery,**
**CHICAGO—ILLINOIS.**
jan 2 '36—1y

**CARPENTER'S**
*Family Medicine Chest Dispensatory*

CONTAINING a select Catalogue of Drugs, &c. in common Family Medicines, with the properties and doses of each article most approved of in domestic medicine, to which is appended, a concise description of diseases, with directions for the treatment of such as are unattended with serious consequences—showing also, the best immediate measures to be adopted, in those disorders and accidents which are destructive to life, when the physician is not at hand until his services can be procured. For sale at GEO. W. CARPENTER'S Chemical Warehouse, No. 301 Market street.
jan 2 '35—tf

**For Sale,**



A SMALL STEAM BOAT, horse power engine and new tive boiler, burns Anthracite coal to great advantage. There cabins well fitted up, and will carry passengers a distance. The boat draws but little water and will be found adapted to the conveyance of marketing and passengers. She may be seen at the second wharf below the United States Works, Kensington. She will be disposed of on very favorable terms, if early application be made. For terms apply at this office. my 14—

**Edward Vanderslice,**
**DENTIST.**

*And Manufacturer of Improved Incorruptible Teeth,*

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the establishment No. 2?? Walnut, third door above Eighth, where he will perform all operations in the above profession of the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

REFERENCE.
Dr. Granvil Sharp Pattison, Professor of Anatomy.
Dr. George McClellan, Professor of Surgery.
Dr. Samuel McClellan, Professor of Midwifery.
Dr. Jacob Green, Professor of Chemistry.
feb 27—6m Professors of Jefferson College.

**Silver Plate, Spoon and Fork**
MANUFACTORY,
*Southwest corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.*

THE Subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of Silver Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the Silversmith business, or which can be made to order in the neatest and best manner, and as cheap as they can be had at the lowest manufacturing prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work which for neatness, taste and elegance of finish, cannot be surpassed in the city.

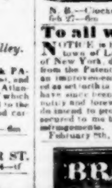
☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order. R. & W. WILSON.
nov 1 '34—tf

**ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS**

**Manufactured Wholesale and Retail.**

MRS. J. C. EVANS, respectfully informs her patrons and the public generally, that she has just opened a splendid assortment of French and other Flowers, of the newest patterns, at her establishment, 27 south 8th street, where she invites the Ladies of Philadelphia—and merchants wishing to purchase for other markets, will be accommodated with flowers and wreaths. mar 5 '36—tf

**Removal.—E. P. Lescure,**



HAS opened at the new store N. E. south-east corner of Market and Third streets, a very handsome assortment of Gold and Silver Patent Lever Watches, Lepine, Plain do do, Mantle Clocks, Silver Spoons, plated and Britannia Ware, together with a splendid assortment of fashionable Jewelry and Fancy Goods, which he offers at moderate prices. ☞ Country merchants will be dealt with liberally.

N. B.—Clocks and Watches repaired and warranted.
feb 27—6m

**To all whom it may Concern.**

NOTICE is hereby given, that I, James D. Egbert, of the county of Livingston, and state of New York, did, on the 22d day of September, 1834, obtain from the Patent Office of the United States, letters patent for an improvement on the Forcing Pumps, made and constructed as set forth in my specification; and whereas, other persons have since been pretended to a license of said pump, by having the privilege of using or selling the same, that I have taken the means to prosecute and defend, my rights, as granted and secured to me by the laws of the United States, from all such infringements. JAMES D. EGBERT.
February 8th, 1836. ap 16—3m*

**BROWN & WEST**

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and customers, that they have on hand a general assortment of silk and Beaver hats of their own manufacture, which for durability and elegance, are not surpassed by any in the city. They have also on hand a large assortment of Youth and boys' hats and caps, which they will sell at the lowest cash prices. Purchasers would do well to give us a call at the old established stand, No. 82 south Fourth street, before purchasing elsewhere, as our assortment is complete. Country hatters supplied with silk hats, of the best quality. Cash paid for country furs.

N. B.—Wanted, a boy to run errands. He must live in the southern part of the city. aug 29 '35—1y

FOR the cure of White Swellings, Sore Legs and Ulcers, Glandular Tumours, Felons, Rheumatic Pains, Sprains, and Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Inflammation in Women's Breasts, Glandular Swellings, Old and Fresh Wounds, Chilblains, Tetters, Piles, King Worms, Eruptions of the skin, and Sore Eyes.

In the course of my directions, I beg leave to state to the public, that there is an article of this kind bearing my name, that has been extensively sold in this city and elsewhere, but which I am sorry to say, is not well prepared, not fit for use, except at two or three places in this city, and elsewhere, but this article will be prepared by JAMES S. GLASCOE, and I take pleasure in recommending that prepared by him, as the the genuine "Dr WILLIAM JUDKINS' SPECIFIC OINTMENT," as every box will be inspected by me before it is offered for sale.

The public, therefore, are cautioned against purchasing any that has not the Seal of a Lion and Mortar on each jar, and the signature of JAS. S. GLASCOE, in his own handwriting, signed on the outside wrapper.

In addition, also, I have produced a few certificates of cures to promote its value, and some of them from members of Congress of the United States, as well as the very first eminent characters in the country, besides a number of my medical brethren and when I turn and examine the evidence which has been given in such flattering terms, as to many extraordinary cures, of diseases of long and painful standing, and which I had resisted many ordinary remedies, administered by skilful hands, I feel grateful in finding myself the instrument, and thus handing out such remedial agents, by the efficacy of which so much human suffering has been erased—and all I wish or desire is, that those who may be afflicted with any of the above diseases, may give it a fair trial for themselves, and then they will be fully competent to judge correctly of its utility. WM. JUDKINS.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

☞ A constant supply of the above, will be kept for sale at Peter Lehman's Drug and Chemical Store, No. 226 Market street, Philada. my 7—3m

**VEGETABLE**
**TONIC TINCTURE,**

A SPECIFIC remedy for Fever and Ague; Spring and Fall Fevers; Dyspepsia or Indigestion; Debility; Loss of Appetite, &c. &c. &c.

For Fever and Ague, this medicine is offered with confidence to those laboring under that disease, as a specific, curing the malady speedily and radically, as well as preventing its return.

In most cases of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, attended with loss of appetite, debility, &c. it acts like a charm, restoring to the enfeebled system, when a proper regard is paid to diet and exercise, the due discharge of every function.

Taken occasionally, it operates as a preventive against Vernal and Autumnal Fevers, and by its surprising tonic properties, gives strength and vigor to those whose systems are broken down by disease, or the abuse of *Mercury*.

☞ In all cases where a fair trial has been given to this Tincture, without being cured or benefitted thereby, the money will be refunded. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

☞ OBSERVE. None genuine without the signature of the proprietor being attached to the directions.

Sold by Isaac Thompson, 2d and Market sts.; Edmund Pryor, Front and Green sts. J. Bigonett, Lombard below 6th st.; Thos. E. Pryer, 2d and Poplar Lane; John Horn, Brown and 3d, Thos. Gegan, 9th and south; E. Higgons, Callowhill and 7th, and by a respectable Apothecaries throughout the Union. All orders directed to EDMUND PRYOR, will be attended to. ap 16—3m

**NO. 57 NORTH EIGHTH ST.**

NEAR Arch st.—Entrance both from Schriver's Court and Eighth street.

**Dr. HUET'S**
**Medical House.**

For relief of particular diseases, without Mercury or Copaiva. The Dr. may be consulted from morning until 11 o'clock at night.

N. B.—Patients can be boarded at the establishment if desired. nov 7 '35—1y*

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**By Samuel Coate Atkinson,**
No. 36 CARTER'S ALLEY,
Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank.

TERMS—$2 50, if paid during the year.
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